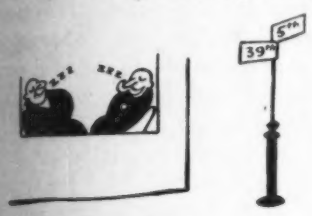
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NO one moves from Fifth Avenue to Park Avenue without cause and the Union League Club is no exception. It is "business and bustle" that is driving the Leaguers from



their old home. It is the general hurry and scurry at Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue that has slowly frazzled the nerves of the seated members—and the very prosperity which has accrued from their own Republican tariff is dinning in their ears. The point is incontrovertible, but we think someone should assure the members that the noise was unintentional. Surely if New Yorkers at Thirty-ninth and Fifth had known that they were disturbing the country's last surviving group of thinkers, they would have been glad to tiptoe.

BEFORE we pay our income tax, we have one question. This country having renounced war, what, now, is the function of the department known as the "War" Department? What goes on there?

MR. WHALEN, who does more than anyone else to keep the town exciting, has terribly upset the world of

letters by one of his recent edicts. The police, he says, should be empowered to arrest "a boy or girl who habitually idles away his or her time." Persons having "no lawful employment" are hereafter to be defined as vagrants. The effect of this upon our young poets, or even upon established novelists in those tolerably frequent moments when inspiration fails, need not be pointed out. We optimistically presume that these, along with coupon-clippers, will be exempt, possibly even specially licensed. Also—what about people riding in Madison Avenue street cars?

FOLLOWING closely on the heels of the vanishing Indian is the vanishing bond-salesman. Where are the well-dressed young college men who used to roam the country, as numerous as buffaloes, making their polite calls, interpreting their latest public utilities? Ah, welladay, those were stuffy times! Nobody buys bonds any more. The younger generation hasn't even heard of bonds—those funny old securities that yield only seven per cent and seldom fluctuate more than five or ten points.

LATELY we've realized that modern furniture is making a big dent in otherwise orderly homes. To sit in a modern chair or drink from a modern cocktail glass has been an occasional experience, but the other evening we stumbled plump into a dining-room which had been completely modernized, in every detail. It was as current as the inside of a Checker cab. All jagged glass, tumbling steel, and gyroscopic drapes. Even the food tasted slightly metallic. The room swam and riveted about our head with a mechanistic monody. The soup plates were copper-studded, the napery woven of bits of subway lining. We liked the effect a lot, and ate mechanically. While we ate, it occurred to us that something definite is coming of modern design when a housewife abandons all the old family silver and the oriental rugs and the napkin rings with the children's names inscribed in them and the wedding-present candlesticks—drops them cold, to live a more

splendidly geometric life. The movement is more revolutionary than one might suppose, largely, we gather, because women are more active rascals than anyone dreams.

ANYONE who could devise a way of putting to work all the women who think they want to work would make his fortune. That's the way it seems to us, anyway. Name us a wife, a sister, or a grand-aunt who is not fidgety about getting into business, for better or for worse! In the course of a year we meet thousands of ladies who want jobs, or say they do. They are willing to rush into anything, provided it connotes activity, an escape from themselves or from their homes. Most of them not only want to work, they want to write; that's always bad. Why doesn't someone figure out a way to harness this furious potential force, direct its fury, and capture its steam—a nice big factory, where ladies who wanted to write could sit down and write, and ladies who wanted to remove snow could stand up and re-

move snow? Of course, the employees wouldn't last long—there would be a

terrific turnover; but they would work for a mere pittance and there would always be new applicants. Probably a good idea would be to have the main body of the work done by waterpower, just to make sure.

Pied Piper

BEFORE the Coolidge silence tradition go utterly boom boom in the face of the dollar-a-word rate, we rush into print with this story of the good old days. The ex-President, then governor of Massachusetts, was visiting a business office on some business or other, when a mouse appeared, scurried across the floor, leaped over the governor's foot, and vanished under a desk. He watched it silently and ruminated for a minute. " 'Pears to have been a mouse," he observed.

Fame and Mr. Tibbett

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, of the Metropolitan, is just past thirty but he has had his moments. One of them was when Congressman Nicholas Longworth played the young baritone's accompaniment at a club concert, another when his twin sons were born, another was the tragic moment when his father, a sheriff in California, was shot to death in a fight with bandits (the son was then six), but the most important, as affecting his career, happened at the Metropolitan and was brought about largely by a misunderstanding. Tibbett was singing the rôle of Ford in Verdi's "Falstaff" and, after the act in which his aria occurred, surprisingly failed to come out alone for his bow. Signals had got mixed and Scotti, the Falstaff, came out instead. The audience, excited by a departure from decorous precedent, clamored for Tibbett and, when he did appear alone, gave him one of the most noteworthy ovations in the opera house's history. The news of the unusual emotional outbreak reached the front pages of the papers, and Tibbett was made. Yet so little was his face known to Metropolitan audiences that a Sunday or so later, at a concert there, when he was indisposed and Schuetzendorf sang in his place, the audience thought Schuetzendorf was Tibbett and broke forth into another demonstration.

HIS previous career had not been much—singing in light opera, church choirs, movie houses, and the like. The Metropolitan engaged him at a small salary. After his quick success he did not get an immediate raise, but he got a thousand dollars a concert from managers who, a week before his big ovation, had turned him down. Now he has toured the country, sung to great crowds, and been called "The Abraham Lincoln of Song." He has remained modest. He isn't a snob about music, but has the courage of his own convictions. One is that "Old Man River" already deserves a place as a national song, and he says so before singing it as an encore on occasions when he gives a group of national songs of various countries.

Tibbett went to high school in Los Angeles, and was a sailor in the navy during the war, during which time he is reported to have knocked out, in official Marquess of Queensberry combat, another sailor who had jeered at him for singing classical songs. He is a diligent gymnast, has won prizes at swimming, and has an ambition to climb Mount Rainier. His favorite exercise is walking on his hands. He does it at home and in secluded corners of Central Park in fine weather. He believes the rush of blood to the head good for his voice. It is said that at the dress rehearsal of "Jonny Spielt Auf," with Tibbett looking on, Bohnen, who had been chosen to sing the principal rôle at the opening performance, concealed all of his best tricks so that the other baritone wouldn't get them in case something happened and Tibbett opened in the rôle. When Tibbett did go into the rôle, later on, he had at least one trick Bohnen hadn't

"I am afraid Huntley is finding the symbolism a little obscure."

thought of. At the end of the second act he walked around on his hands.

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A TRAVELLER, present at the Hoover inauguration, tells us that one section of it was headed by Hugh Gibson, who was followed by four gentlemen neatly, if not elaborately, dressed. The next person in line was also of distinguished appearance. He was a Republican committeeman, and he wore an unpressed blue suit, Congress boots, and a collar without tie. The collar was held in position below the Adam's apple by a small white bone collar-button.

Jai Alai

JAI ALAI has been played again in Florida this season and now is to be introduced here. Benny Leonard, the former lightweight champion, is behind a league planned to include Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Chicago, where there is already a team, and this and other cities. The game was barred in the Southland last year because of the operations of bookies, but a new law has been proposed to permit the pari-mutuel system. Games at Hialeah, a suburb of Miami, have been drawing from five to ten thousand people.

Jai Alai means, literally, "merry festival." In the Basque country, where it originated, it is called pelota. Something of a combination of lacrosse and handball, it is played in a three-sided court, called a fronton, with a small ball thrown against a wall and returned on the rebound. The players wear little baskets, or cestas, over the hands. Play is dazzlingly fast. The ball, which is small and hard, travels like a bullet. The players on opposing sides, whether the game is singles, doubles, or between teams of three, wear flannel shirts of solid, contrasting colors. So fast do they move that, less conspicuously marked, one could not tell them apart. A fronton has three blank walls and the spectators occupy the fourth. In the old days onlookers were often hurt, it being considered unsportsmanlike to sit behind a screen. Audiences in Miami, however, sit securely behind wire; but they invariably lean back and throw up their arms when a wild shot strikes in front of them. The players there this year are professionals, mostly from Havana. They frequently appear under assumed names, Latin in tone but easy for Americans to understand: Lopez, Ramos, Antoine, Paco.

Once upon a time all the Jai Alai balls, or pelotas, used in Spain were made by one man, an ancient fisherman of San Sebastian. For years the Cuban trade has been supplied by a pupil of this man who came to Havana and set up a workshop. Now several American sporting-goods concerns manufacture the ball, evidently believing the game has a future. The pelota has a core of hard rubber which is tightly wound with twine and is covered with kidskin.

Distinguished Mules

VETERANS who soldiered (or is the term marined?) with Wendell C. ("Windy Buck") Neville when he led the leatherneck brigade through the autumn fighting in France eleven years ago, rejoiced at the news from Washington that he had been appointed Major-General Commandant of the Corps. And, to his faintly lingering annoyance, they persist in re-telling the incident which was for him the darkest moment in the St. Mihiel battle. It was when the Brigadier awakened from a nap to discover that some passing vandal had cut the sleeves off his overcoat, which he had left hanging on a nail outside the Thiaucourt butcher shop, in the cellar of which he was snatching forty winks during a bombardment. For a time it did look as though the whole battle would have to be stopped until the miscreant could be found. The treason was finally traced to a mule-driver in the Twenty-third Infantry, who had innocently mistaken the General's ulster for a German officer's uniform and had instinctively salvaged its elegant braid as a souvenir. The matter of disciplining the culprit was complicated by the rivalry between the two brigades of the Second Division, one army, one marine. However much he may have wanted to reward the mule-driver by granting him two weeks' leave in Paris, General Ely, the army officer before whom the cowering youngster was dragged, was obliged, at least in the presence of the infuriated Neville, to warn the boy that the penalty for looting was death. The gravity of the attending officers was threatened throughout the whole remarkable hearing, but it was when the mule-driver was compelled to show what he had done with the purloined braid that they broke down completely. He had employed it in festoons to decorate the harness of his mules.

Hacks

TAXI NEWS: A young lady who hailed a cab one evening last week in the theatre district screamed when she opened the door and found what was apparently the body of a man sprawled inside. The driver leaped from his seat, peered through the door, and then he grinned reassuringly. "Take it easy, lady. That's only Grover," he explained. "With this no-cruising law I ain't been able to crash this zone for three nights. Today I stuffed an old suit of clothes and stuck it on the seat to get by the cops with. Wait just a minute and I'll fold him up again. I named him Grover, for luck," he added.

A gentleman entered a cab the other evening and whimsically directed the driver to take him to "the Cathedral of the Motion Picture." The man at the wheel only looked dumb, and the fare was forced to explain. "Oh! Roxy's!" said the driver. "Sure." All the way across town the cabman seemed to be worrying about something and when at last his fare alighted before the glittering entrance, he made an explanation. "Look here," he said. "I ought to of known what you was getting at, but to tell the truth a guy forgets all about a sense of humor in this racket."

Shavian Doings

BERNARD SHAW's activities at the moment are described in a letter he has just written to a friend here. He has completed a new play which he says will probably be produced in New York by the Guild. It is called "The Apple Cart" and deals with a conflict between a future Labor Cabinet and a future king, including (to quote Mr. Shaw's letter to his friend)

"Pardon me, Mr. Whalen—there's a lady on the phone —she's trying to get to a theatre in Forty-seventh Street."

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"a startling intervention by the United States, and broken in the middle by a brief but intense sex interlude." Shaw read it some time ago to guests at a house party at Lady Astor's and it is to be produced this summer at a Shaw Festival in England.

He is also working on a collected edition of his works, to include his first novel, called "Immaturity," written fifty years ago, and never published. It will have an autobiographical preface—"describing my condition in London when I wrote it, and the family life of the boy Shaw. The contrast between the jejune novel and this consummate preface, makes me wonder whether the same people will be able to stand both."

The Irish writer is also writing a preface for a volume of Ellen Terry's letters, more than two hundred of which were written to Shaw. In connection with this he wrote his friend here:

"A good many of my replies have been found; but, as Ellen seems to have carried them about and read scraps of them to her friends until they were worn out a good many passages are missing. I do not yet know how far it may be possible to go in the way of publication with due regard to the feelings of some living persons and perhaps one or two dead ones, but the letters give a very vivid picture of herself, even when their matter is quite trivial. They really should be published in facsimile; for the reason I did not, as my custom is, destroy all intimate correspondence lest it should make mischief later on was that her extraordinary handwriting made each letter, and even its envelope, a picture which one could no more tear up than one could destroy a medieval manuscript."

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SOME time ago we printed one or two quaint old English house addresses. A collector has now sent us an American specimen which he prizes for its suggestion of romance: "Amour Arms, Orchid Avenue, Hollywood."

Reciprocity

THE Quebec Liquor Commission turns out to be kindly and helpful. A gentleman of 38 Wall Street, being disquieted in the matter of his gin, wrote the Commission, enclosing a label he had soaked off a bottle which bore what purported to be the label of the Quebec organization, together with a piece of the paper the bottle had been wrapped in, and asked if these were genuine. Promptly, he got this letter in reply:

"Dear Sir:

"We are in receipt of your letter of 29th. instant and return you the label and piece of wrapping enclosed in it.

"Both are imitations I am sorry to tell you and very good ones.

"For your future guidance I send you a genuine label and piece of our wrapping paper. You will notice that the water mark on the latter is very distinct on both sides and that one side of the paper is glossy and the other dull.

"By watching for these two points you should be able to tell the good from the bad in the future should the need arise to do so.

"So far as the label is concerned, the printing on the spurious one is different and several words which appear on the genuine one are omitted from the other.

"No bottle of Gin is ever sold by us which bears on the label 'Dry Gin' only. The name of the maker is always placed above the Dry Gin with a rubber stamp either Gordons—Burnetts—Coates or whichever it may happen to be.

"Yours truly,
(signed) T.S.C. Saunders,
Controller"

We think the incident pretty interesting, as indicating what goes on these days, and hope the Liquor Commission, as a result of its courtesy, won't have Mrs. Willebrandt or the bogey man after it.

IN connection with wrapping paper for liquor, we know about another hoax. The customers of certain retail bootleggers have been placing great faith in supplies coming in cartons redolent of what seems to be tar and

oakum. They have the odor of the hold of a ship. It turns out that this smell of the sea, which usually convinced a hesitant purchaser, was caused by a microscopic vegetable growth which got into the water used by a New England paper mill in making pulp. Tons of this reeking paper had to be thrown aside as unsalable. It remained aside—in a storeroom, smelling like low tide—until a boxmaker who traffics with bootleggers smelled it out one day. He bought the whole stock and made a pretty penny.

Idols

TO tell, in full, one of the stories related here and there last week: It is the habit of a gushy concert-goer to go backstage after the last encore and meet his heroes in person. A few months ago he rushed in on Albert Spalding and asked him—he has a set question—"Tell me, Mr. Spalding, what does it feel like to be Albert Spalding?" The best Mr. Albert Spalding could do with this was, "Really, I don't know." Some weeks later the man bounded, bubbling, up to Fritz Kreisler. "Tell me, Mr. Kreisler, what does it feel like to be Fritz Kreisler?" Kreisler merely mumbled. The enthusiast's last call of record was made upon Elman after a concert. "Oh tell me, Mr. Elman, what does it feel like to be Mischa Elman?" Mr. Elman met the situation adequately. "Sometimes," he said, "I think I'm dreaming."

"She? Oh, you know the kind—she probably feeds pigeons."

For Women Only

THE touring company of "Strange Interlude" has been quite a success. It did very well in the larger towns of the North-Central States, the Guild having handled the matter capably and shrewdly. Affable lecturers were sent ahead of the troupe to address women's clubs and other local organizations, and thus the provincials were induced to take the show seriously, to regard it as the solemn consideration of a subject that ought to be solemnly considered, and thus were the seats sold out in advance. One grave difficulty has confronted the Guild, however, in more than one city—getting the men to attend. In one place eight wives had bought through the Junior League a block of tickets for the opening. An hour or two before showtime their husbands began calling up with excuses. They were detained at the office or there was a board meeting; the wife had best take her sister, or her aunt, or the children's governess. All of the eight men wormed out of it. On this night there were fewer than a dozen men in the orchestra circle. The theatre was thronged with women. This is an extreme instance, they say, but, in a lesser degree, it has been the general experience of the road company. The reasons for the masculine attitude are obscure but investigation has shed light. Some men are afraid of the play because it's highbrow, some are sheepish about going to a theatrical performance so early, and others are apparently afraid of embarrassment because of the subject matter of the play. One man in Indianapolis said he had heard it was about a "neurotic woman," and that no real man should spend five hours watching one.

—THE NEW YORKERS

INDUSTRIAL CRISES

A California and a Florida fruit salesman arrive simultaneously at Park & Tilford's

HOTSPUR THE SWIFT

TO tell you what make of car Hotspur is, would be to make General Motors insanely jealous. That I must not do. Suffice it to say that Hotspur is a small car, whose leather seats smell. Even the rumble-seat smells, although it is right out in the open.

"Do the seats smell that way just while they are new," I asked the salesman, "or will they always smell that way?"

"You won't notice it after the first five hundred miles," he replied.

"I think my friends will, though," I said.

IT'S four weeks since I drove Hotspur out of the agency, his windshield plastered with printed directions, his nickel headlights catching the last gleam of the twilight, his gas swashing around audibly in the gas tank, his right front fender grazing a lady on the sidewalk. They have been four ecstatic weeks. I have obeyed the rules which I found on the windshield, have religiously kept Hotspur down under thirty-five miles an hour, and now my purgatory nears an end, and I will soon be able to open him up to his full forty. The smell still lingers, and even on an open road, brisking right along, I can shut my eyes, inhale, and imagine I am seated in the lobby of a second-rate hotel.

My friends twit me about this smell, just as I expected they would. At first I was sensitive about it and was at the mercy of my joking passengers, but now I forestall their remarks. The moment a guest enters my automobile I turn immediately to him with my nose in the air and inquire: "Have you been around a stable, by any chance?" or: "Have you, do you suppose, something on the bottom of your shoe?" This unsettles the guest and usually he has a miserable time the entire trip.

Hotspur has other traits which my friends have found amusing, but it's surprising how quickly one builds up a defence against jests. Time was when almost anybody could have annoyed me by referring to a certain strange vibrant sound that occurs in Hotspur when he attains a middling speed. It is a noise which comes over him just at twenty-eight miles an hour—it hits him suddenly, and reminds me of the pleasant sound that wagons make when, from afar, you hear them crossing a wooden bridge in the country. When my friends mention the noise, I explain that it is a "harmonic," a sympathetic overtone that can occur only at a certain speed; with this as my theme I go on at some length, telling about musical harmonics and how, when you play a note on the piano, the octave will also vibrate, and I recite, too, instances of church windows being broken by organ notes, and other interesting phenomena of sympathetic vibration, until my friends soon become so absorbed in my discourse that they forget Hotspur's extraordinary unquiet. (Either that or they get out of the car altogether and beat their way home across country.)

SO far, the rumble-seat has been used only by women and children. Opinions have differed about it. For the most part, the children have enjoyed it—welcoming, as children do, the terrible exposure in midwinter, the possibility of pneumonia and release from school, the sense of utter helplessness and bounce. The only lady who ever ventured into the rumble skinned her right knee getting in and her left knee getting out, thus preserving a kind of rough symmetry through it all. A day or two later I happened to be asking her to marry me, and mentioned that if she were my wife she could always ride in the rumble. "And open up all the old wounds?" she said, sadly.

She was a lovely person. I will always remember her. I will remember how she turned to me with a heroic little smile on her lips and said:

"The seat would be more comfortable if you wouldn't keep so many empty boxes and crates in there."

"But there aren't any empty boxes and crates in there," I replied, astounded.

"No, I suppose not," she continued, thoughtfully, "and yet that's the impression one gets, somehow."

A MONTH has worked great changes in Hotspur's appearance. His nickel trimmings, that once blinded me with their early radiance, have toned down to the color and sheen of old candy-wrappers. His fenders, at first richly ebon, are now a pale pavement blue. In spirit, though, he is the same car. Lately it has seemed to me that he senses the approach of spring, for sometimes, setting forth with him on one of those clear mornings that bleed the heart with the prick of distant and unmistakable crocuses, I have felt a little earthly shiver run through his frame, and he has leapt ahead with an urgency more than mechanical, an internal expansion not unlike my own.

—E. B. W.

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LINES TO A JILTED LADY

Jonquils are here, and lilacs in the rain.
  Eyes front! Or you will likely play the fool.
Summer's mad moons will mock you, but be vain:
  Wear wide-brimmed hats, green frocks, look lily-cool.
Autumn's the devil's own; with crazy drum,
  Plunging through woodsmoke, flying her red hair,
Gypsy from hell in wild bright skirts she'll come—
  And all that you can do is stand and stare.

Winter's aloof with ladies all forlorn:
  She will not tell you lovely lavish lies;
For painted prints she has a frosty scorn;
  She fancies meagre trees, metallic skies.
Such pride, such peace in this spare point of view,
  By jonquil time you'll be as good as new.

—JACQUELINE EMBRY

TOURIST CABIN

THE Aromatic was in port the other day, I observed by the paper. What memories of jigs, side-cars, and Bass Ale the name brought back to one who has spent on her aft decks innumerable "golden hours at sea," as the passenger agents so lyrically put it.

Steamers lately allocated to the Tourist Cabin trade are almost Ritzy, I hear, and are equipped with playground directors, hostesses, and other professional deck-burners. Such news depresses me. I fear that the once-hardy race of Tourist Thirds—rollicking, rowdy, and faintly collegiate—will become a people flabby and dull, indistinguishable from Second Class passengers.

In the old days—say two or three years ago—Tourists would have scoffed at such refinements as upholstered drawing-rooms. Community-sing leaders would have been put off the ship at the first Azore. Anyway, we saw plenty of upholstery every time we went slumming in First to dance with an orchid or to see what a ship's officer above the rating of Assistant Chief Steward looked like. (This was before deck officers got their pictures in the cigarette ads.) Nowadays Tourists are taken slumming in regiments, often led by the Captain himself. But these circumspect slummers never dare remain to jig or poke sticks at tweedy old gentlemen sipping champagne cocktails in the lounge.

There never will be another ship's company, in my judgment, like the Tourists on the old Aromatic. Some were going to Europe to be broadened and some were going to get tightened. As soon as we dropped Ambrose Light the younger and more personable of the serious-minded ladies

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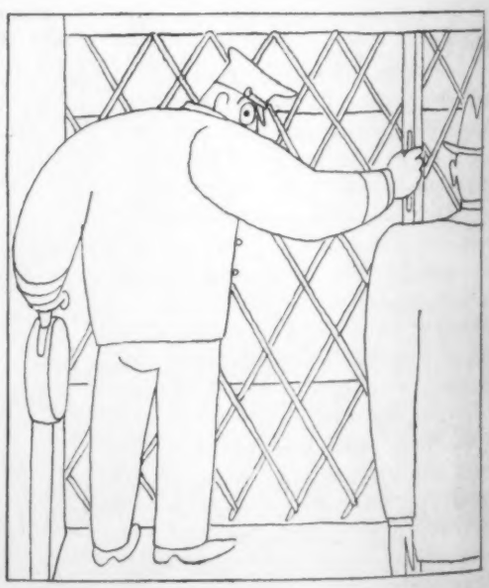
ELEVATOR NEWS

The Life of an Elevator Operator is not so Monotonous

BEST OPERATOR. James Mogrow, champion elevator operator, makes accurate quick stop each time. "Real elevator operators," says Mr. Mogrow, "are born, not made."

SERVICE LEGS. Vernon Cruble, elevator operator for eighteen years, shows fine bow legs he developed in his up and down profession.

NOON-TIME GAME. Pass the passenger while he watches his watch. "We wait eagerly for twelve o'clock," said one operator, "to have this fun." "It keeps us young," said another.



TAKES LINDY UP. Greatest moment for operator Horace Walky when he took Lindy to twentieth floor of Stickly Building. "We operators," said Mr. Walky, "are aviators, too, in our own small way."

permitted the acquaintance of the more light-hearted young men, with the result that a wonderful fellowship was established for the voyage.

A couple of jaunty novelties from Princeton nicknamed Heebie and Jeebie staked out the prettiest girls on the boat—Alicia and Vera Ainsworth. Alicia was tall, had curves and a voice that was a bit husky, like Ethel Barrymore's. Heebie took up a lot of her time. Two years! Ho hum, with their nerve Heebie and Jeebie ought to be at least executive vice-presidents by now. Probably Heebie is chairman of the board.

BUT for Heebie and Jeebie we might have established a world's record for painless transatlantic crossings by omitting the concert and masquerade ball. For days the committee, consisting of a Y.M.C.A. secretary named Mr. Tasker and an imitation lady novelist, beseeched us in vain to take some interest in these enterprises. Finally the jaunty Princetonians took pity on them; they compelled us to give up bridge, drinking, and the recital of memoirs, and take part. They got girls to dig styles out of their suitcases and give a Fashion Show at the concert. Paul Poiret himself would not have been ashamed of the modes and he would have adored the girls. There were girls from Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, and Shuberts'. Yet after this coöperation the committee let us down. Instead of letting us pick the prize-winners, as they promised, they invited down from First to make the awards the traditional Major Smith, wearing a beaver-board shirt, and the thin English lady in the diamond collar. As Vera said, what does an English lady know about fashions?

Let the sprigs who went abroad last year talk about costume balls. On the Aromatic we called it a masquerade and, once we were drafted for it, put on the biggest one in the memory of the oldest transatlantic travellers. The Aromatic entered into the spirit of the occasion. The dining-saloon stewards put on clean dickies. Chinese lanterns were strung around regardless. Later, when the maskers slummed the topside ball, they received indulgently approving nods even from the haughty persons seated at small tables on the side-lines, most of whom were fellow lodgers from Tourist.

On some ships friendships end at the dock, but not with that good old crowd on the Aromatic. We held reunions all over Europe, eagerly exchanging marvellous morsels of newfound knowledge—the discovery in England that dentistry is an American cliché; in France that manure is something akin to gold; where to buy a bead-bag for your aunt, etc. . . . What galas we had at the Grand Hotel Splendide et Magnifique, our pension in Paris! . . . And the fountains in Sawn Cloo, or is it Marseilles? I always forget. . . . At Lyons I stopped over between trains. On a restaurant terrace in the Place I espied Alicia and Vera. Over an apéritif we watched the provincial clatter of the city. Peasants lugged chattels or led cattle through the Place. "There's a cow," I remarked. Alicia commanded the subtlety as well as the language of the French. *"Monsieur est très innocent,"* she commented. It was not a cow.

THE Aromatic, I hope, will ever remain a barque for simon-pure Tourists. I do not think otherwise, for I doubt that even Elsie de Wolfe could make that ship Park Avenue. Soon the delightful tub will be completely outfitted with a new potted palm and a set of paper napkins, ready for the golden-hour seekers of 1929. . . . Ah me, I wish I were aboard. But I am reminded that I must stop ashore.

"Dear," says a voice, "would you mind heating the baby's mush?" The voice is a bit husky, like Ethel Barrymore's. —GEORGE CECIL COWING

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

(Taken from any of our more serious monthlies)

FROM PRISON WALLS

THE startling article, "Machine Gun Music," is the first of a series to be contributed by "South Side" Louie Brown. Mr. Brown has just returned to civil life after a long stay at a Federal Penitentiary. He is a well-known Chicago gunman, and his reminiscences of the stirring days of the "Bootleggers' War of '25" make exciting reading.

UP FROM THE DUMBWAITER

Rastus Jones is the superintendent of a large Park Avenue apartment house. His article, "What I Know about Tenants," was written as he sat in the basement, with one eye on the furnaces. He confided to us that during this creative period, he simply could not be bothered with answering the rings of his tenants. He is also the author and composer of a Negro spiritual now much in favor, "Always a-Hearin' Them Bells."

A "GARÇON" SPEAKS UP

Guillaume Bouillabaisse has been a waiter all his life, in various large hotels and restaurants. "Behind the Swinging Door," in this issue, is a daring exposé of hotel managers, head-waiters, chefs, bus-boys, customers, and food. Starved for

"You must think me mad, eh, Cyril?"

for a short biographical sketch, he writes:

"I was born in the usual way, of simple proletarian parents. I have always wanted to write—when but one year old, some inner urge compelled me to inscribe my thoughts upon the dining-room walls, in red crayon. Friends who saw my work, recognized talent, and urged me to find a publisher.

"There is talk of my entering school soon. Although I do not approve of formal education, I realize that this would be a wonderful opportunity to get the inside dope on teachers. A splendid article suggests itself."

ED. NOTE: Go to it, Ronald. We will publish that article.

SERMONS IN SOAPSUDS

The Reverend Joseph T. Cunningham, pastor of the Sixth or Seventh Smith Memorial Baptist Church, tells of the spiritual unrest that caused him to become a window-washer during his leisure hours, in his searching article, "As Through a Glass, Darkly." He writes us:

"I used to sit in my study, a prey to a vast, spiritual curiosity as to what men and women were really doing. I saw them only during my formal calls, and at church on Sundays, enveloped in respectability. How many times have I approached a jovial group of the Men's Bible Class, only to hear someone whisper, 'Don't tell that story—here comes the parson.'

"I resolved that I would learn to see and know humanity in its lighter moments. I became a window-washer, and have reaped rich rewards through my new insight into human nature."

BELOW STAIRS

Bridget O'Brien, in her article, "A Cook's Tour among the Idle Rich," brings a fresh viewpoint and a touch of native wit to our pages. Her other works, though not published, have been widely read by her various employers. She has always shown daring imagination coupled with realistic detail, in thus writing her own references.

FOOLING THE PEOPLE

Joe Harris, successful, retired panhandler, tells what he saw during many years of begging in the streets of New York in his article, "Touches of Life." He tells us he has made enough money out of his profession to retire and devote his old age to writing. Though he has for many years been "blind" for business reasons, Mr. Harris can see as well as anyone, and he has a rare gift of telling what he saw. For the encouragement of young men who are considering following his profession, Mr. Harris describes his methods of "sizing them up," selecting a suitable life-story to relate to each "victim," and making the final touch.

—EDITH OWEN

• •

INTELLECTUAL DIVERSIONS

THE SKETCHER

utting in the sea;
rd to make convincing.
ects like the bee;
a lady, rinsing.

olidge took a *week.*
wish I could be surer
ading on the cheek—
who were drawn by Dürer.

ings were little *smudges,*
smile about them now.
with the judges. . . .
npan or a dhow.

el without thinking.
wn the things I see.
h some natives, blinking;
nce at Innisfree.

. There's a kind of urge
Really, I've no status.
in simple serge.
ing through a lattice.

—DAVID MCCORD

"That's Uncle William Pelham Granville. Get the Granville chin?"

HANDS

Under the still, sequestering snow
The finger-roots begin to grow,
And in the darkness there is mirth.
They will be reaching soon,
Those green hands out of earth.

And we who seem so fixed and deep,
As though no change had now begun,
Shall we not reach with quickened hands
To claim our yellow share of sun?

—SCUDDER MIDDLETON

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THAT unpleasant grating noise you heard this week was a prosperous people scraping together enough for the First Installment.

•

We have been unable to learn whether or not Dr. Straton prayed for a sunshiny Inauguration Day. He never reports his uncompleted passes.

•

Those who are dry by precept but not example have done no dancing in the streets over the inaugural dictum that the easiest way to stop drinking is to stop drinking. A great statesman should not dally with the easiest way.

•

We pin the hollyhock of welcome upon the eminent recruit to the magazine-writing racket. We are sure that Comrade Coolidge will get fewer rejection slips from editors than he got from Congress.

•

Probably the Coolidges will think twice before moving into larger quarters. Gifts from a grateful people usually show to the best advantage in the storage warehouse.

•

"My Girl Friday" has received a clean bill of health from the court. It is felt that the play will not hurt the morals of anybody except cops and they can stay away.

•

We gracefully retract all aspersions upon the Duveen jury. The twelve men hopelessly disagreed, thereby proving themselves genuine art critics.

•

King Alexander, dictator of Yugoslavia, has dissolved the Skuptchina. At least that is one name that our Congress has never been called.

•

The largest silencer in the world has been built by a factory in Hartford. It was completed just too late to be of any help to Mr. Dawes.

•

Prohibition's masterpiece of irony is sixteen deaths from poison hooch at Peoria, Illinois. That it had to be Peoria, once the well-spring and fountainhead of America's noblest whiskey stream!

•

The Albany leaders have marked the Governor's pet measures for slaughter. Now we shall see whether Kid Roosevelt has as wicked a punch as the former titleholder, K. O. Smith.

•

One need not sit up late to get the annual election returns from the Yale students. Others may chase false gods, but these pillars of society always vote for father, Phi Beta Kappa, and Kipling's "If."

•

Our sunkissed Mayor is to be congratulated upon a season practically without snow-removal graft charges. Yours for honest government and mild winters.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Some time you must read some of the letters Raymond wrote me from Rutgers."

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

ALL my childhood I lived on the north side of Twenty-third Street between Fourth and Lexington Avenues. There were four low brownstone houses built in the sixties and set well back from the street. In front of them was a grass plot dominated by a maple, which remained throughout the years that I climbed in it about thirty feet in height; I suspect that it antedated the houses, was much older than it looked, and had been stunted by the soil from which it sprang. There was also a flowering bush some fifteen feet high, exuberant each spring with large white blossoms, and a gorgeous wistaria vine. Its twisting trunk, four inches in diameter, carried the lilac flowers diagonally from the grass plot where the vine rooted up to the roof, across what we New Yorkers call "the area"—a space to which three steps led down, and on to which the basement door opened. The doorbell in those days was pulled—you heard the distant tinkle in the kitchen. We also knew by sight and greeted our next-door neighbors.

Twenty-third Street, broader than those adjoining it, was a thoroughfare for horse cars, and not desirable as a playground, although I well remember the advent of the first "business" among those "private" houses. Twenty-fourth Street was even more dangerous, for that was the livery-stable and racing-horse thoroughfare. Warm stable odors, the clanking of anvils as horseshoes were hammered, and the thrilling rat-tat of pacing horses getting a workout, are ineffaceable recollections. So our play chiefly centred in the back yard and the nearby parks.

OUR back yard was a spacious affair, composed of the yards of two houses thrown into one. It was floored with concrete, and through a trap grating one could look down some twenty feet and espy running water—all that was visible of old Gramercy Brook, flowing southeastward into what had once been Gramercy Pond. The brooks of New York, long since buried, flow on, but few have been privileged to glimpse their remains.

A high whitewashed board fence separated our yard from our neighbors'. For two feet alongside the fence was black earth in which I remember that through the years honeysuckle, ivy, and even a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley struggled. The only really successful growths were the ailanthus trees, shooting weedily into the air, permeating it with their characteristic odor, and utilitarian only in that they aided you to negotiate the top of the otherwise unattainable ten-foot fences. From the top of these a new world unfolded. Directly opposite one gazed into the back yard and kitchen of the Ashland House—gone alas! wherever it is that good New York hostelries go. By following the tops of the fences—not catlike, although one encountered many cats, but by the slow device of riding them astride and working oneself forward (terrible on the trousers, as every mother knew) one could move out and along into new and unknown back-yard worlds. Only a Manhattan boy of the nineties knows the joys of those explorations of what is the true inside New York!

OF the two nearest parks, Gramercy was literally barred. Once, in a brief escape from a nurse and sisters, when I was therefore apparently alone, a kind lady allowed me to slip through the gate as she unlocked it for her own brood with the passkey reserved for Gramercy Parkers. But Madison Square Park was our constant objective in those roller-skating days, because the streets in the neighborhood were cobbled and the pavements of flagstones — separate rough-hewn slabs, none too evenly cut and separated by a half-inch of earth—which impeded smooth rolling. Such sidewalks with their individual stones are no more. They passed with the old lamp-posts, which were lighted one by one at sundown—feeble jets enclosed by panes of glass.

Except the tapering tower of Madison Square Garden, the Fifth Avenue Hotel was then the tallest building fronting the Park. Seward's was the only statue in the Park itself. I well remember the erection of Roscoe Conkling's, and of Farragut's monument, an unusually elaborate memorial for its day. Its seats offered special advantages for climbing on to the broad semicircular pedestal adorned on its Fifth Avenue concavity with reliefs, which led up to the admiral himself.

One of the vivid memories of this park was that of an elderly man, deeply bronzed, with heavy snow-white mustache, seated on one of the wooden benches and invariably surrounded by a swarm of children. To them he would dispense candy and peanuts, and on one frequent ceremony did we gaze with fascinated awe. It consisted of his passing around a vertically held banana from which each of an ecstatic circle would take a bite. As we had been rigidly brought up "never to accept anything from strangers," and the communal banana held hygienic horrors of its own, our acquaintance with the late George Francis Train — "Citizen" Train, as I remember hearing him introduce himself to a child—was perforce limited. But he was as much a fixture in the Park in those early nineties as the fountain. (Bananas, by the way, in those palmy days, were six for five, on the pushcarts that flourished everywhere with their accompanying Italian.)

WITHIN easy reach, less than a block west, and tempting on days of unexpected rainfall, was the Eden Musée. All four of us children were strictly forbidden to visit the Chamber of Horrors in the basement. Our curiosity was supposed to be satisfied with the wax figures of the crowned heads of Europe, Washington crossing the Delaware, Abraham Lincoln striking the shackles from the slaves, and the composite scene of Custer's last stand. But everyone of us invariably managed to escape from

the mademoiselle, fräulein, or just plain nurse, who happened to be minding us at the period, to thrill to the "Horrors of the Spanish Inquisition," the execution in India in which the elephant steps on the victim's head, the Indian widow on her husband's funeral pyre, Charlotte Corday killing Marat, and above all the great gorilla carrying away a young girl in its arms. This was the masterpiece—for every two minutes, and with startling unexpectedness, the ape swung its head toward the spectators, opened its jaws, flashed its gleaming teeth, and emitted a raucous and terrifying roar.

A pleasing game in this world of wax, suggested by the wax policeman by the box office in the lobby, was to have one of us stand awkwardly rigid while another would remark for the benefit of gullible visitors, "Doesn't he look real?" If one of the gullible bit and replied, "Why, I declare he *does!*" joy would be complete.

It was at the Eden Musée too that I saw my first motion pictures—the kinematograph, it was called—which featured a swimming pool, showing persons actually running, leaping, diving, and splashing, to say nothing of flickering! On the second floor of this wonder-house was Ajeeb, the chess automaton. In those days he was supposedly invincible, and was said to have defeated the world's best players. In later years my respect for Ajeeb's prowess was greatly diminished when he permitted me to score two victories. But then while the same external Ajeeb, it may have been a different directing brain within. I still believe that the Ajeeb that I first saw was unbeatable.

ANOTHER adventure, especially in the weeks just before Christmas, was to "taste around at Huyler's." In those pre-chain-store days (when our grocer was the good old Anglo-Saxon firm of Plumb & Evers, right next to Horton's Ice Cream in Fourth Avenue) Huyler's meant just one place — in Broadway near Eighteenth. In fact it was a solemn and important controversy between us children whether Huyler's or Hudnut's, four blocks further up, had the better ice-cream soda. In any event it was the custom among a great many to enter Huyler's bent on the purchase of a quarter of a pound of mixed chocolates and bonbons (sixty cents a pound, then) and while waiting, for the customers were usually three rows deep, to sample the candies, preparatory to deciding just which confections should go into the bag. Sometimes the wait would be so long, and the candy so filling as one sampled, that one did not make the purchase. Alack! One fine day Huyler's covered its candies with glass

FLOWER SHOW

cases. "Tasting around at Huyler's," like much else that was of Little Old New York, was no more.

It was not only a "little old" city; it was a courteous city. Yes, I remember how men used to arise and give up their seats to ladies in street cars. I recall too a game that grew out of the courtesy and honesty of the New Yorkers of yesterdecade. One time a maiden aunt, wishing to rid herself of an aged pair of mittens, dropped them, rolled into a fuzzy little ball, in the street. "Madam, you dropped this," came a deep voice from behind almost immediately. After two more attempts, rendered futile by prompt restorations of the mittens, it became a sport. The total pick-ups would sound incredible, so I omit the score. Besides, I've forgotten it.

ONCE when I visited a friend in the Forties I learned of a different world of sport. Up there — uptown—they played shinny on streets of asphalt, sometimes on roller skates, sometimes not; the memorable day on which I was initiated into this game, it ended with the disappearance of the rubber ball which served as a puck down the sewer. Shinny was an aristocratic sport that was unknown to us in the cobblestoned and bourgeois Twenties, but I also learned of perils which we did not face—raids by gangs. There were gangs, and gangs. There was the gang from the next block, and the block after—the Forty-seventh Street gang, the Forty-eighth Street gang, etc., which, one gathered, belonged, as it were, to the same set, and whose gangsterism was of a moderate and chivalrous kind—the kind that would be suspended by one's ma appearing at the head of the "stoop." But then there were the gangs "from the other side of Third Avenue," which appeared but once in a while and brought terror, destruction, black eyes, bloody noses, and took caps, or whatever else they could lay their hands on, as booty.

A few special occasions stand out in my early days: A trip to the Brooklyn Bridge —then the only bridge—and the only time in my first ten years that I set foot in Brooklyn; an ascent of the Statue of Liberty; a visit to Governor's Island, where the colonel commanding was a friend of my father. An excursion to the Central Park Zoo was an annual event; we went by the Fourth Avenue horse cars which turned at Forty-second Street, around what we then called the Grand Central Depot, and up Madison. And once, a long, long ride in a hansom cab, way up, on and up into the country and ending with Sunday dinner at an inn called the Claremont, overlooking the Hudson and the Palisades.

—ERNEST GRUENING

"There are those little pink things— we had one that died."

"May I see what Steel Common did?"

• •

SPEAKEASY NIGHTS

THE Sea-Captains' Speakeasy. If, as you are hurrying to take a steamer or a ferry at one of the piers on the lower North River, you pass a small, old-fashioned building distinguished by a black sign on which, in gold, is painted the single word "Hotel"—a square building, clean and spruce in contrast to the sooty, disorderly neighborhood, with heavy plate-glass windows in one of which a green parrot can be seen sitting as though carved in wood on one of the perches of a red metal cage—if you ever pass this building, look at it twice. It is a speakeasy. And if you miss your ferry or your steamer, go back there and have a beer, and you will feel a lot better.

I suppose there used to be hotels like this in every city visited by sailors and their officers. There are not many such places left now; the sea-captains' hotel has become a speakeasy and taken on the air that comes to places that are in some fashion relics, survivals of another period. The sea-captains' speakeasy has that air, and this is one of the things that make it pleasant. It belongs to a period when food and furniture were estimated according to their size; everything is big; the chairs are made of oak and have arms; beer is served in steins bigger than the ordinary; highballs and rickeys come in the kind of glasses a drug-clerk would use for malted milk. Felt pads ornamented with blue anchors are laid beside your plate to absorb the drop that runs down the side of the stein.

The hotel itself has no lobby. A narrow hall leads straight to a stairway; a door on the left opens into the dining-room. A row of hooks is set into the panelling of the wall all round the room and most of the headgear hanging on the hooks are blue naval caps embroidered with the name of some ship or other, not the Leviathan or the Berengaria, but ships you have passed over on the sailing lists while you were looking for something else—the Dalsonite, the Alastair, the Regina, the Querry of Glasgow, the Santa Lucia, the Santa Paola, the Santa Maria. I don't mean to say that all the men who wear these caps are sea-captains; some are too young to be, but most of them look as if they made a good living in their profession, second or third officers you would say. And others might be pilots, and others some sort of dock-officials.

Once, instead of taking the door into the dining-room I went on upstairs and into a room as big as the whole ground floor. There were tables with magazines and newspapers in old-fashioned files, a leather-covered wall-bench, wooden chairs, brass spittoons. In one corner two gray-haired officers were playing checkers. As far as I know drinks aren't served up here; most of the customers use the dining-room. Young or old, they all have the conservative manners and the taut, slightly tanned skins common to a certain class of rich people ashore and to the ordinary run of officers of the sea. They look prosperous and they ought to be; they can't spend their pay very fast in this speakeasy. Beer is a quarter and worth fifty cents, which is the price of most other drinks; food is proportionately cheap.

Perhaps you had better not go to the sea-captains' speakeasy unless you have a good appetite or a good thirst. It is hard, as I say, to get anything in small quantities—no one can bully a waiter here into selling anything less than a whole lobster; clam-broth comes in pint bowls; a long spear of fresh pineapple rears like an iceberg out of every whiskey-sour. I've never seen the beds on the floor above the lounge-room, but I imagine them as wide and rather hard, with sheets too big for them and starched so that they feel like sailcloth. After having eaten a lobster dinner and got drunk in the dining-room, a sea-captain, helped upstairs to such a bed, would fall asleep dreaming that he was marooned on a raft with a crew of red-faced waiters, and that the crew had mutinied, and were sewing him in a shroud.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

THE THEATRE

CONFLICT AND PUNISHMENT

"Conflict," by Warren F. Lawrence, at the Fulton, is the pleasantly set-forth saga of one of those war marriages which began with a uniform and a hero's record and ended with the interested parties telling it to a judge.

Attention is focussed largely on the occupant of the uniform, a chap named Banks who has been a clerk. When his head swells with his martial success, he throws over the stenographer to whom he was engaged—and marries the glamorous niece of his boss.

In the distress of his off-key alliance he is insufferable to his old friends. He's a failure at the business he attempts and for which he's not suited. He's a bear with a sore head in the home. His infatuation for his wife has never died, however, and with the requisite lump in one's throat, one sees him give her up when he has overheard a telephone conversation which reveals her unhappiness.

The play ends with the distribution of just the right jobs to this rather wry hero and his friends, and with the little stenographer popping up and being as mean as possible, but with undeniably romantic intentions which nothing Banks does can quite discourage.

Written with a good deal of humor and tenderness, "Conflict," while unimportant, is just about what one wants in order to fill in a spring evening.

Spencer Tracy does extremely good work as Banks. Seth Arnold, as Pop Touso, has a rich character part, and Peggy Allenby and Dennie Moore are agreeable as the two principal ladies.

I was sorry that no attempt was made to costume or dialogue the first act in the fashion of 1917.

"Indiscretion," by Myron C. Fagan, at the Mansfield, presents its audience with that rare thing, a

"Come on, Al, that's not getting you anywhere."

surprise at the end of the second act. True, the only reason that it's a surprise is that you can't believe any author would have the nerve to pull that moth-eaten and mortified rabbit from the hat of his plot, but a surprise it is.

"Indiscretion" is a story of high life, of dizzy eminence on the stage, of big business, but it is all permeated with that warm odor of corned beef and cabbage with which Mr. Fagan always perfumes his plays. "Changing the settings is real interesting," his heroine remarks, after she has become the first actress of her day. "Perhaps the folks would like to see it."

Long before she became the first actress of her day, however, Margaret had loved Bob Burton not wisely but —as I am sure Mr. Fagan himself would put it—too well, and had been parted from him by the demands of his dying father, and the designs of his wicked friend Walter Davenport.

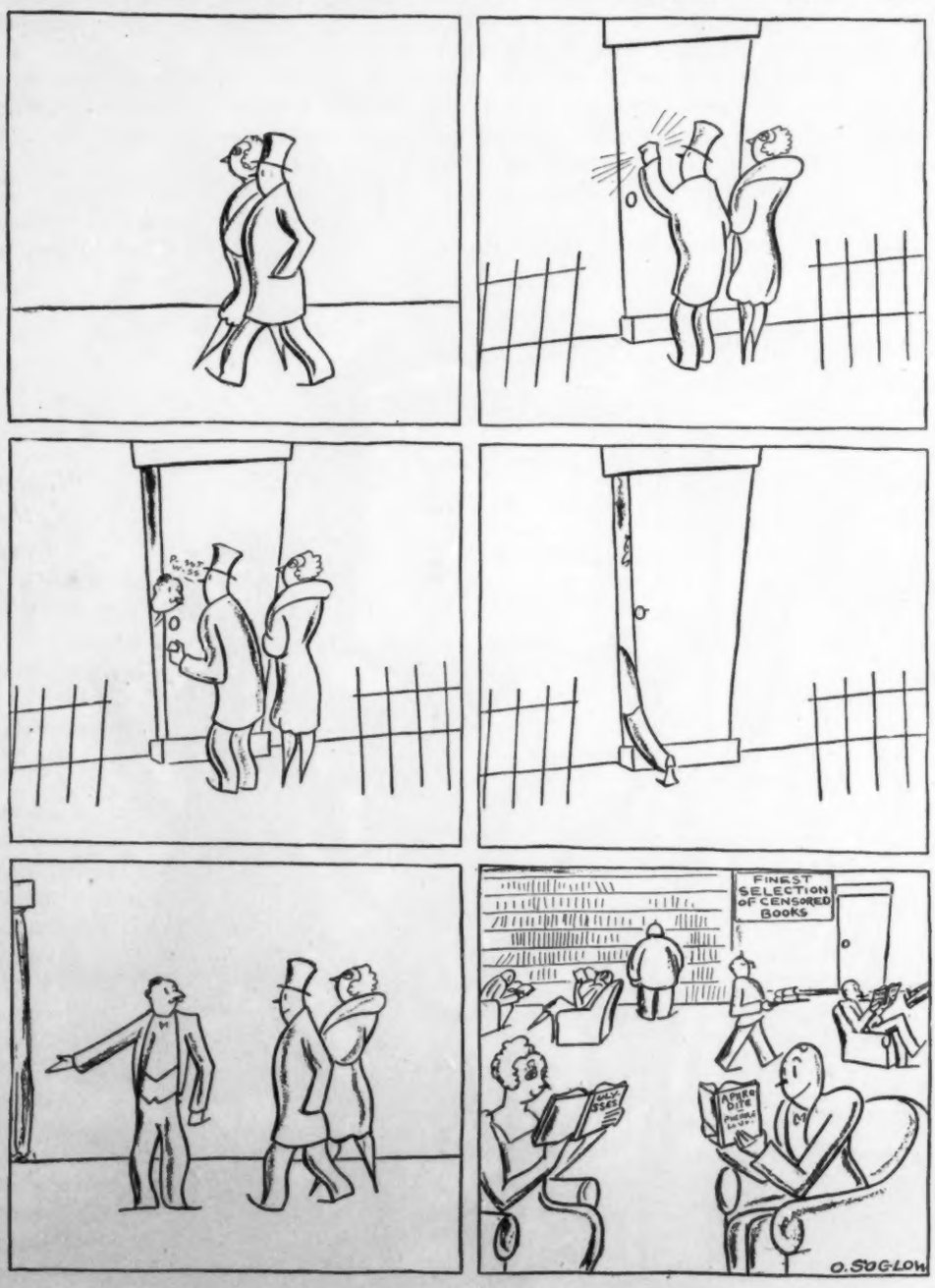
Seventeen years later all the first-act characters happen to gather in Margaret's dressing-room, their number swelled by Bob's daughter, Betty, and Betty's fiancé. Bob had thought Margaret dead—you must remember that their affair happened in the old days seventeen years ago before people had telegraphs and telephones and illustrated magazines, and all those wonderful things with which modern science has endowed us—and he is struck all of a heap at sight of her.

It looks like plain sailing but the wicked and concupiscent Walter maneuvers a new misunderstanding. To punish Bob, Margaret threatens to lure away his daughter's fiancé. Just as she is about to do so he comes across with the surprise. Can you believe it even now?

"Margaret, she is your own daughter."

I *will* say that the first-night audience seemed to appreciate "Indiscretion" at its exact worth.

Minna Gombell plays Margaret. Miss Gombell, it occurs to one, might well be Milwaukee's stock favorite. She is a little staunch to suggest some of the wind-tossed Margaret's more tempestuous moods.



AT the Provincetown Playhouse they are giving a double bill. The one play is "Before Breakfast," that early O'Neill monologue of a shrewish wife, in which the off-stage poet whom she has forced into marrying her is driven to slit his throat. The other is "The Earth Between," by Virgil Geddes.

"The Earth Between" is a study of farm life in Nebraska. Nat Jennings loves his only daughter, Floy, so possessively that when she shows a little interest in Jake, a farmhand, he makes Jake sleep in the barn. Jake gets pneumonia, and then Farmer Jennings keeps medicine away from him, so Jake dies.

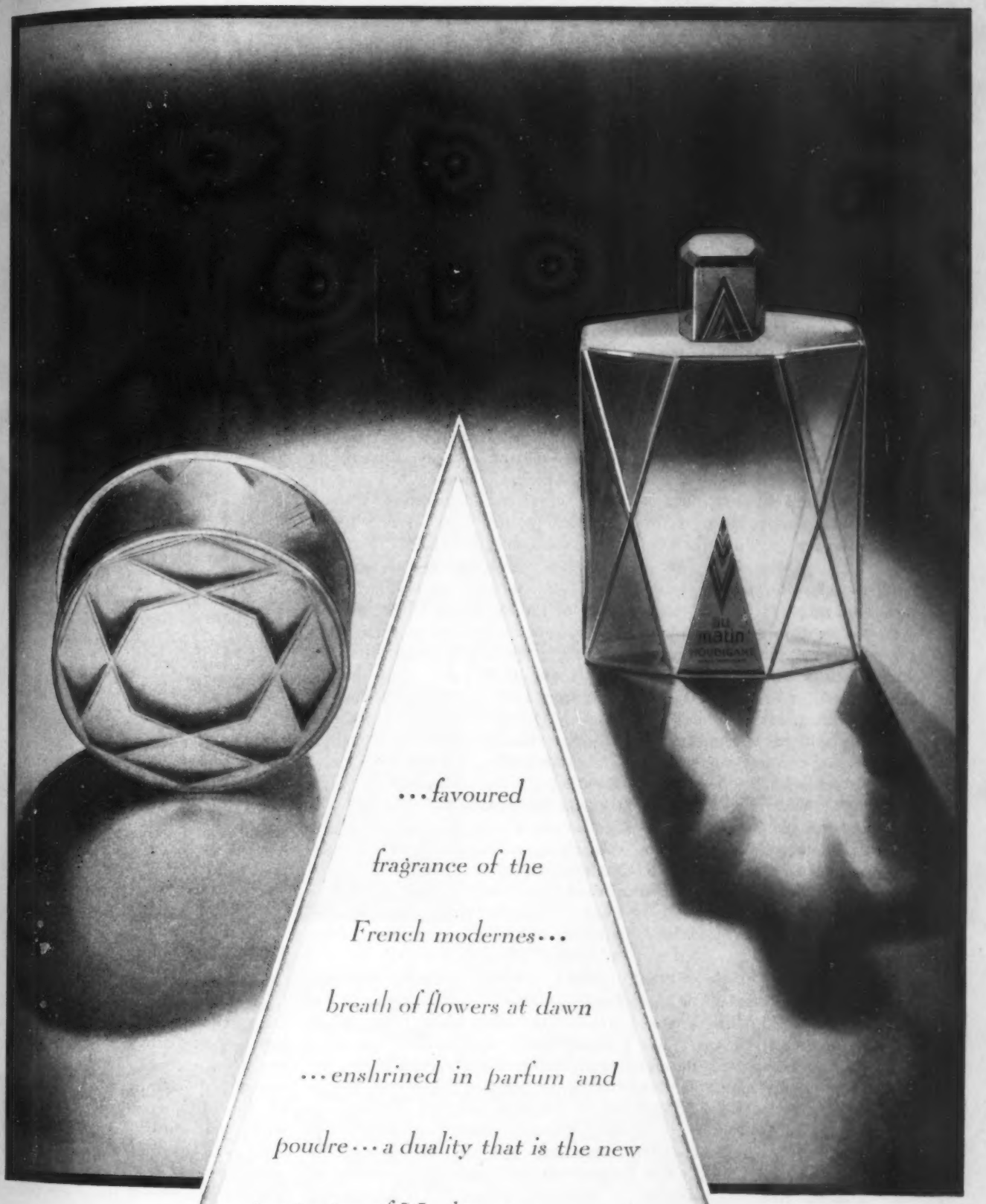
This cumbrous trifle ends in a definitely incestuous suggestion. As played at the Provincetown—speech, count three, speech—it seemed to me an unconscious burlesque of all the grim plays put on by all the earnest little-theatre groups of the world.

There is not a breath of humor or humanity in the piece, and not a hint that Mr. Geddes knows how people communicate with one another. It is a triumph of the gulp school of affected simplicity.

Except for the slowness it is not badly acted.

Mary Blair plays Mrs. Rowland in "Before Breakfast" without the necessary waspishness, and manages somehow to convince one that there is no listening husband in the next room.

—CHARLES BRACKETT



...favoured fragrance of the French modernes... breath of flowers at dawn ...enshrined in parfum and poudre...a duality that is the new inspiration of Houbigant.

au matin

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE MISSING LYNX

THE word has seeped out in the published prints that somewhere on the edge of Afghanistan a certain pseudonymous private in His Majesty's forces is filling in his spare moments by turning Homer into lyrical English prose. Indeed, some books of that rumored translation may have reached London by this time. If, before long, therefore, an enigmatic publisher introduces a new and firmly anonymous version of the Odyssey, it is not improbable that a doting world will snatch at it and shake its head at the fresh evidence that its darling Lawrence of Arabia has grown shyer than ever.

Even if the apparent purpose of such strenuous anonymity is thus frustrated at the start, one cannot help thinking that the publisher, at least, will somehow manage to bear up. Indeed, he would be an object of commiseration only if, after the publication of some sedulously anonymous work, no one were to break the embarrassing silence, by arising to ask who wrote it. On such occasions I am invariably reminded of the depressing childhood reminiscence of E. H. Sothern about the party when he proposed to another little boy that they hide behind a curtain, so that nobody would know where they were. "But," said the other little boy, "suppose nobody cares?"

Just such a desperate plight afflicted the publishers who, a year or so ago, proffered a work called "The Victory Murders" by one Foster Johns. They waited in vain for someone to rise and ask who Foster Johns might be. No one was even so good as to ask "Why have we never heard of Foster Johns before?" Finally the maddened publishers seized a mimeograph and thereby sent to every newspaper in the country a paragraph denying flatly that Foster Johns was Alexander Woollcott. This was, as far as I know, the first instance of a publisher resting his entire case in behalf of a book on the simple and dignified statement that I did not write it.

IT seems only fair to Harcourt, Brace & Company, therefore, to ask who Lynx might be. Under the title of "Lions and Lambs," this house has recently imported from London a book which comprises thirty-six brilliant and telling caricatures, drawn by a young New Zealander named Low for the pages of *The New Statesman*. The subjects range from Chesterton to Lloyd George, from Barrie to Winston Churchill, from Augustus John to Hugh Walpole. Now, in book form, each caricature is accompanied by a mordant monograph on the uncomfortable subject, already, one would think, sufficiently harassed. These are wise, witty and devastating profiles, put forth as the work of one Lynx. Who, think you, is Lynx?

Most of these profiles are masterpieces of compactness. The quick study of the Prince of Wales, for instance, is, besides being a most engaging portrait, a whole Olympian history of the House of Windsor done in less than five hundred words. Lynx can do so much with a single sentence. There is, for instance, the one about Sir Oliver Lodge, "indubitably a great physicist; who, nevertheless, peers through his glasses with the hopefulness of one who expects to see a molecule riding a broomstick, whose skull has the bulging contours of a cushion stuffed tight with credulity, whose body has the wavering, trailing, expansive outlines of a Jinn rising from its bottle."

More telltale, perhaps, are the faintly malicious descriptions, as of Arnold Bennett's shirt front which "embroidered, uncontrolled and constantly giving out crepitant noises, has the air of being a concertina designed by the mad King of Bavaria," or of Clemence Dane's personality as reminding one in its wholesome vigour of the entire hockey-team of a good girls' school. Or an opening salute which says "Tears are salt like the sea, and there is apparently some connection, for a lifetime spent in pity has given Mr. Galsworthy something of the detachment of a merman."

Savor, if you will, this description of the post-bellum H. G. Wells:

> Therefore he is being perpetually tempted to express himself concerning subjects on which he is empty, and listening to him becomes more and more like a gambling game such as roulette. He is indeed, with his springy gait of body and mind, not unlike the little ball that leaps and bounds round the roulette wheel; but the real point of resemblance between him and the game is that when one stakes one's attention on him one either suffers a total loss and would have been better out in the sunshine, or one is rewarded with odds higher by many times than the customary rates of investment.

Lynx can be gracious with a Robert Lynd, surprisingly gentle with a Hugh Walpole or a Lloyd George, and almost gauche in the presence of anything so pure as A. A. Milne. But the reader feels that Lynx is most at ease when squaring off at a subject like the Countess Margot, in confronting whom the rapier is thus tossed away in favor of the brick:

> That she (Lady Oxford, that is,) and her family are not only liked, which is true enough, but that they habitually excite in the British public such loyal and pious and fervent emotion as could only be excited by a combination of the Royal Family, the Salvation Army Booths, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, is part of her simple faith. This self-satisfaction is singularly without a basis, for Lady Oxford is brilliant only in the sense that an unshaded electric light is brilliant.

THERE are perhaps only a half dozen people in the whole British Empire who *could* be Lynx, and something in the manner and gait of these pieces—the gait of a sure-footed cat astroll on a crowded mantelpiece, the manner marked by a kind of sedate hilarity—does recall only one living writer, and brings suddenly back the night in 1916 when, to my considerable embarrassment, I guffawed with laughter on a pained Broadway trolley-car, while reading, of all things, *The New Republic*. The article which thus turned me into a public nuisance was one that dealt (roughly) with Ellen Key. The style was unquestionably Lynx's. Wherefore I am sure that Lynx is none other than the great Miss West. And I don't mean maybe. And I don't mean Mae.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

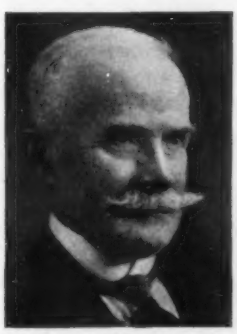
SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.D., advises Yeast as an aid in the prevention of sluggish intestines

"CONSTIPATION *is an unnatural condition resulting from incorrect dietary and the cause of more misery than any other bodily condition. The lack of Vitamin B is one of the chief causes of this state. Even those who eat wholemeal bread will find benefit from a daily dose of yeast as an additional supply. Yeast is not in any sense a drug. It is a very valuable article of diet.*"

From a lecture by SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, M. D.

THE above is the opinion of Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.D., one of the best known of English physicians and a prominent worker in the field of preventive medicine.

Sir Bruce is as well known in America as in England on account of his labor for the benefit of humanity.



SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER
K. B. E., C. M. G., M. D.

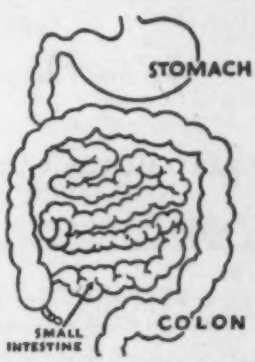
Many doctors now say that constipation is one of civilization's great curses, that 90% of human ailments start in clogged intestines. Colds, sore throat, poor digestion, bad breath, bad skin, depression, "nerves," are some of the results.

How easy to prevent all this and build greater vitality! Keep your intestinal tract clean, active and healthy with fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast—which helps eliminate the poison-bearing wastes. Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey throughout the United States, said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and associated ills.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day, one cake before each meal or between meals—plain or dissolved in water, either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. Yeast is a food, as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dried or "killed" yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass daily through the intestine they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system.

To benefit fully you must eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and over a sufficient period. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. Y-93, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

(RIGHT)
From throat to colon is one continuous tube. You can see at a glance why clogged intestines may spread poisons to all the rest of the system; why 90% of ailments start here. This is where yeast works. Doctors say, "For lasting beauty, health and happiness, keep this passage *clean, active* and *healthy* with fresh yeast." Start today!



(Diagram above from "Troubles We Don't Talk About," by Dr. J. F. Montague; J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers.)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH

Copyright 1929, by The Fleischmann Company

PACKARD

Continued growth and public favor have made possible a substantial reduction in the price of the Packard Standard Eight.

With this reduction, the Standard Eight five-passenger Sedan is now $2275 at the factory. Similarly attractive prices prevail for all other models in this popular Packard series.

With spring and the year's motor car days ahead of us, learn *now* of all that the Packard Standard Eight offers you . . . its superiorities of Packard construction and the advantages of Packard ownership.

Ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. *of* NEW YORK
Packard Building Broadway at 61st Street *and* Broadway at Sherman Avenue (near 196th St.)

BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Avenue

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, Inc.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD CO., Inc.
Broadway at 106th Street

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, Inc.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

FOLLOW-UP

I'M a girl who can resist anything if it is said to me on a blotter. I've stood up under the most persuasive suggestions to move, in spite of the appeal of a "fleet of beautiful, well-padded vans, handsomely manned." I've blotted my cheques for months with a treatise on the value of Russian caviar as a wholesome spread for bread and then gone out calmly for a drugstore lettuce-and-egg; and for a long time I was able to dry off my daily love letter with a terse command to "Think Accident Insurance." Life has hardened me to blotters, so naturally, when the bank started its campaign with an innocent jade-green absorbent that said delicately: "Your Will, What of It?," I just used the thing up on a leaky inkwell.

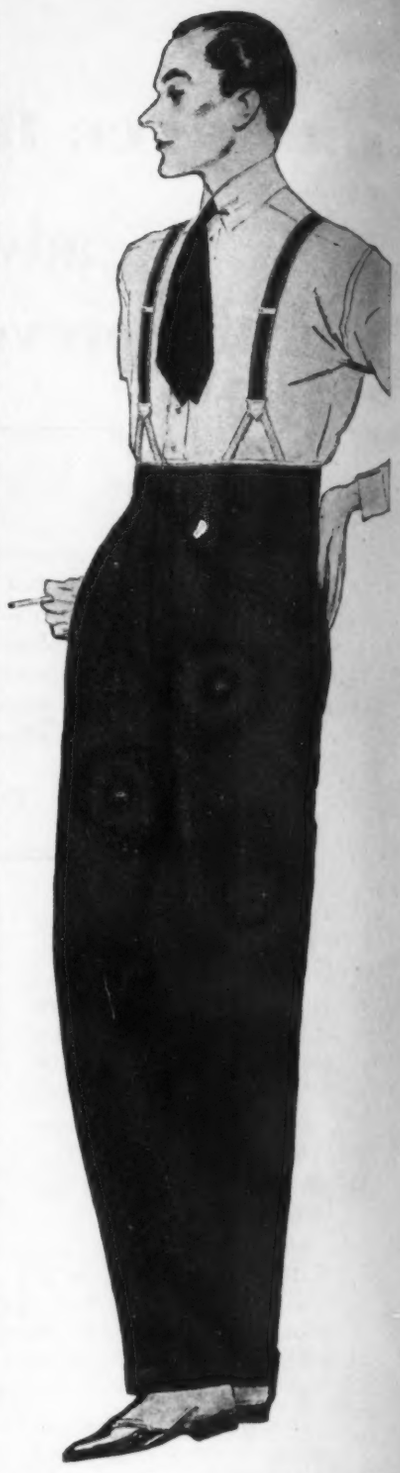
It wasn't so easy to overlook the fat booklet they sent next, because I am as susceptible to booklets as I am impervious to blotters. I—I read them. In large black letters the booklet cover announced: "Questions to Decide When Making Your Will." Inside, on expensive-smelling paper, in type clear for the wavering eye, it said: "Instructions for Your Burial." This, coming in such a sudden way, shocked me. That the bank should be the first to think of my burial! Our relations had always been so friendly, though formal. Young, fresh, practically immortal I had always thought they thought me, and here they were mulling over my end.

The rest of the booklet was less startling. It sped quietly through payments and collection of debts, disposition of personal effects (including jewelry and automobiles—the old flatterers!) and ended cheerfully in a section explaining how to cut your husband out of your will without seeming rude. Well, I laughed merrily with them and tossed the booklet aside.

TWO days later came a "Tear-this-off-and-send" postal, bearing the query: "Shall we mail you a copy of our book: 'The Story a Batch of Unsolicited Letters Tell of Our Trust Service.'?"

"Just try," I wrote across the face and silenced the mortality promotion department for a week.

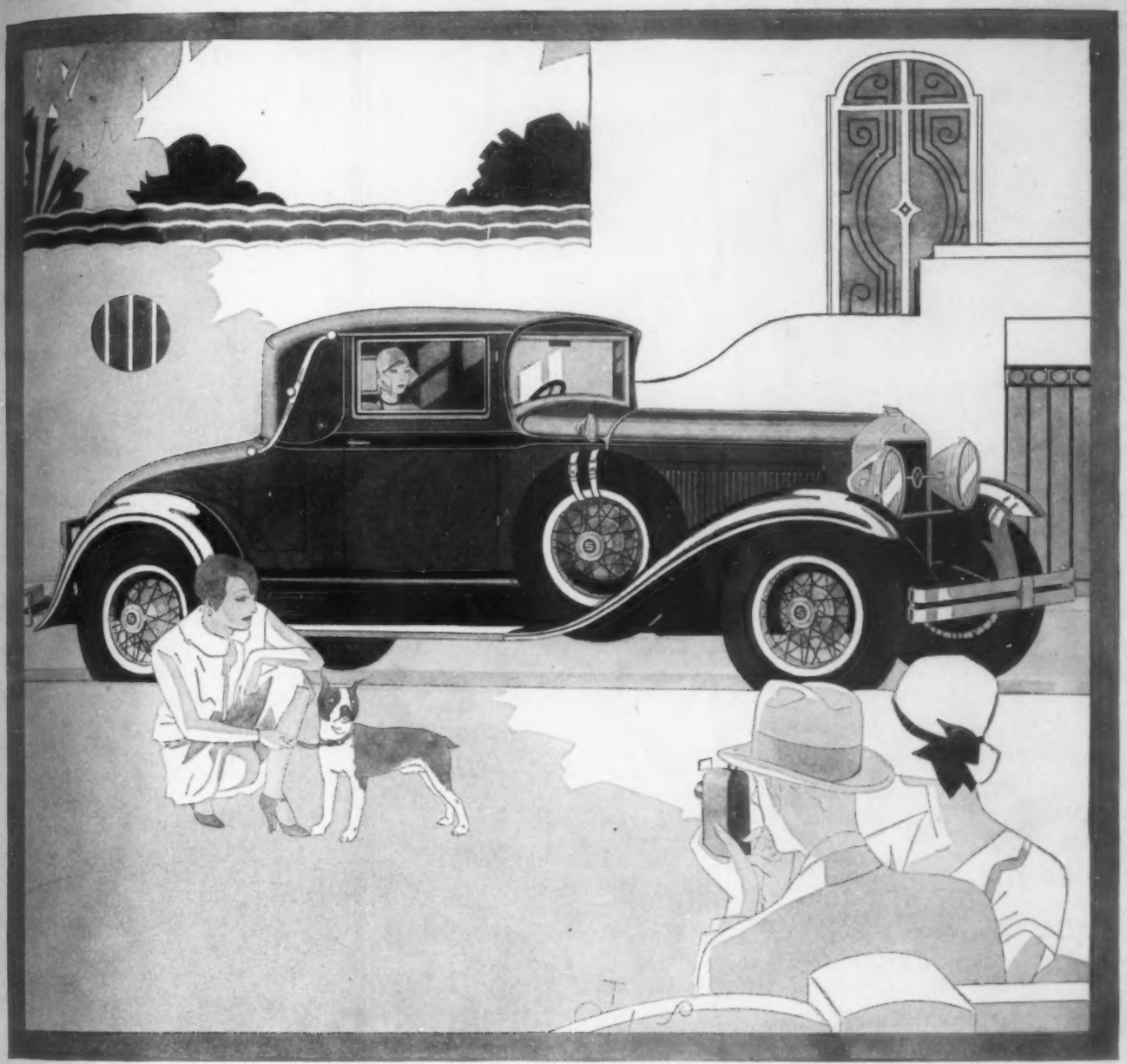
About this time I thought I might take a little trip, but the bank, psychic, sensed it. "Surely," assumed a crackling double sheet, "you aren't thinking



HAVING two motor cars but only one set of tires, isn't much sillier than having only one pair of braces and switching them every time you change your trousers. Especially when the Guards Line—distinguished Braces by Pioneer—may be had in so many attractive color combinations at your favorite shop.

Pioneer Suspenders • Pioneer Belts
Brighton Garters

The Guards Line
BRACES by
PIONEER



The New President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four, $1805. On the Commander Eight Chassis, $1645. On the Commander Six Chassis, $1495. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Bumpers and spare tires extra. Prices at the factory.

ARTIST and artisan—craftsman and engineer—have struck that rare, keen note of happy harmony in Studebaker's great new eights and sixes. Championship performance, which has won and holds *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, has been mated with youthful, sophisticated style. Suave and silken power is matched by travel ease. Sturdiness heroically proved, is linked with perfect manners — obedient to a whim. Each phase thus brilliantly interprets all others in these champions. They look — and act — the part!

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Men's Sports-Lounge SUITS

THE four-piece suit for sports-lounge wear is a most practical kit. Knickers for golf and other activities, interchangeable with slacks for country occasions when knickerbockers are not quite apropos. De Pinna-tailored in hand-woven shetlands, homespuns and tweeds of appropriate colors, including a misty red-brown and the new malacca shade . . . small, neat patterns, lately from exclusive English looms. Ready for immediate wear in sizes 35 to 44.

From $55 to $95

THE DE PINNA GOLF SCHOOL, fourth floor, is under the supervision of two famous professionals, Dan Mackie and Jack Mackie. Telephone Circle 4700 for appointment.

DE PINNA

· *Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen* ·

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd ST. NEW YORK

of leaving town without making your will?"

WE were then approaching what someone has so prettily called "the peak of the summer suicide season." Fearing that in a moment of pet I might do away with myself without benefit of legal department, the bank injected new passion into its follow-up. Whether it was the bombardment principle or simple trial and error, on four successive mornings the mail brought handbills bearing on their white bosoms only the moot question: "What Happens When You Pass On?"

When the next *billet-doux* said "Death—Then What?" my dander was up at last. I wouldn't make a will, I wouldn't decide once and for all who I'd leave my squirrel coat to, I wouldn't create a trust, nor would I appoint the bank as executor. It had always seemed to me that one of the simple pleasures of dying was to leave some healthy confusion behind. I reserved my inalienable right to die intestate.

That is, until the Personal Letter came, a bona-fide personal letter, with the name in places the multigraph could never hope to reach. The bank shot its all and threw in a three-initialled vice-president as signer.

"Dear Miss S——:

"We take pleasure in placing in your hands an outline of the duties of your executor, which, Miss S——, we believe will interest you regardless of whom your will names to act as executor.

"We should be more than glad, Miss S——, of the opportunity to discuss with you personally the questions in your mind about the handling of your estate after you are gone."

Perhaps, after all, it's the chance of my lifetime. If a great big New York bank is so anxious to conclude my affairs, the least I can do is coöperate. I'll see them, I'll appoint them, and, to give them a quick return on their campaign and uphold the honor of advertising, the first fine day I'll take a running jump from the Metropolitan Life tower.

—KATHERINE SPROEHNLE

•

THIS WEEK'S NEW ERA

[*Theatre adv. in the Sun*]

"Incompatibility," a startling revelation of the causes and effects of marital unhappiness. The Dawn of a new Era in Sex Education.

DELIGHTFUL ALONE . . . BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

"How could Jim stay on the wagon so long?"
"He finds Clicquot SEC delightful alone."

Clicquot Club SEC

GINGER ALE SUPREME

Aged 6 months

© 1929 Clicquot Club Co.

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.
New York Office: 2 Park Avenue . *Phone Lexington 4053*

Seen at Reuben's

WHEN the "Scandals" was packing 'em in nightly just across the river, TOM PATRICOLA turned up at Reuben's just the same, to satisfy his craving for a Reuben's offering. Reuben's *Ragout à la Deutsch* certainly provides inspiration for a new version of your inimitable tap-dance, Tommy. Cubes of juicy beef tenderloin, fresh lamb kidneys, deliciously tender mushrooms—with a grand brown sour cream sauce. It's good for six curtain calls, anyhow—eh, Tom?

* * *

CAPTIVATING CLARA BOW, hectic Hollywood's "It" (ask Missus Glyn!) travels lo, these many miles in search of "It" in food—and found it, of course, at Reuben's in Our Chef's dainty interpretation of Broiled Shad Roe and Bacon. Simply divine! *Such* Shad Roe—with a zippy tang!—Reuben's own particular Bacon—fragrantly appetizing. Positively intriguing!

* * *

HERE, Monsieur BALIEFF, is a Reuben's concoction with all the quaint flavor, the delightful zest of your own "Chauve Souris". After taking blasé New York by storm, this great artist finds at Reuben's a rare dish,—Boiled Short Ribs of Beef, Pickled Beets, Bouillon Potatoes, and Horse-Radish Sauce. We know *that* will satisfy your fine Continental epicurean insistence on "something different"!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

TABLES FOR TWO

Back to the Homestead—Little on the Roof and Less on Broadway—Hints for the Hungry

EVERYONE in town who is connected with the high-life business at all will, at the drop of a kind smile or a friendly word, break down and tell you that it is a terrible season, what with the eccentricities of the stock market, Lent, Palm Beach migrations, and all the rest of it. Cowed by a recent outbreak on Mr. Whalen's part, many of our better speakeasies are behaving themselves to the extent of selling bottles, but not individual drinks. It all looks as if the American Home were due for a rise.

One indication of the depression of public late hours is the fact that people in day clothes have been seen in the smartest places in the dead of winter—a phenomenon that does not occur unless the proprietor, however snooty, needs business.

Of course, you may still resent sticking to home fires, so here is the latest dope.

THIS is positively the last time that I will mention the Ziegfeld Roof, though the heavens fall and the Four Flying Ginsbergs, a new flute-player, and Marion Talley join the floor show to induce another visit. But Chevalier, overcoming the native New Yorker's suspicion of much-exploited foreign stars, is emphatically worth seeing. He takes you into his confidence without being loathsome and ingratiating. He is gay without being ridiculous. And, though most of his songs are sung in French, his pantomime is so utterly perfect that it is sheer delight to watch him, whether you know the language or not. To hear him sing very naughty songs proves that charm still has its place at midnight, but despite this lesson the shrieking of Lillian Roth, the bellow of Paul Gregory, and the Whiteman use of brasses have not abated and are sometimes very difficult to bear if your nerves are shaky.

Incidentally, if the latter gentleman wants to make Lipstick very, very happy, he will consult the manuscript of the "Rhapsody in Blue" and discover that the tempo has plenty of variety without the introduction of the Whiteman racing-for-a-train weakness.

THE Chateau Madrid, at which Jack White and Tommy Lyman cavort until very late, is no place to go immediately after the theatre, for somehow its life does not begin until after one o'clock, when the crowd starts to arrive in quantity. The place is tiny and dark and confidential, and inhabited almost entirely by a not-dressed-up Broadway. Jack White to me is only a lukewarm edition of Jimmy Durante, as far as the squashed hat and the incoherent nonsense go, but others find him very funny, and I have no doubt that, in the glamorous small hours, he has his charms. I have great difficulty, of course, in caring for this type of Broadway place. Give me a good rough-and-tumble or give me the Montmartre, that's the kind of extremist I am.

At the Casanova, which, in physical appearance and in clientele, is almost identical with the Madrid, Van and Schenck are the new attractions, with Helen Kane, Everybody's Weakness, remaining emphatically on the bill.

AND now, just to show that I am at home in all the capitals of the world, to 10 East Sixtieth, which has had as many changes of name lately as Peggy Joyce. At present it is entitled the Villa Vallée, which is a blessing on the curly blonde locks of the latest Rudy to set women's hearts aflutter. The room, as I have told you, is huge and mirrored and panelled and crystalled in an elaborate manner (even Urban finds it too much for him, occasionally) and Vallée's orchestra, which has an immense following among impressionable women, whether flappers or matrons, is the attraction at dinner and supper. At teatime, he shifts to the Lombardy with his devoted followers in tow. Middle-aged people of twenty-seven, however, who are afraid of the jeers of younger brothers met unexpectedly in public, are reminded that tea dancing at 10

He has five Frigidaires

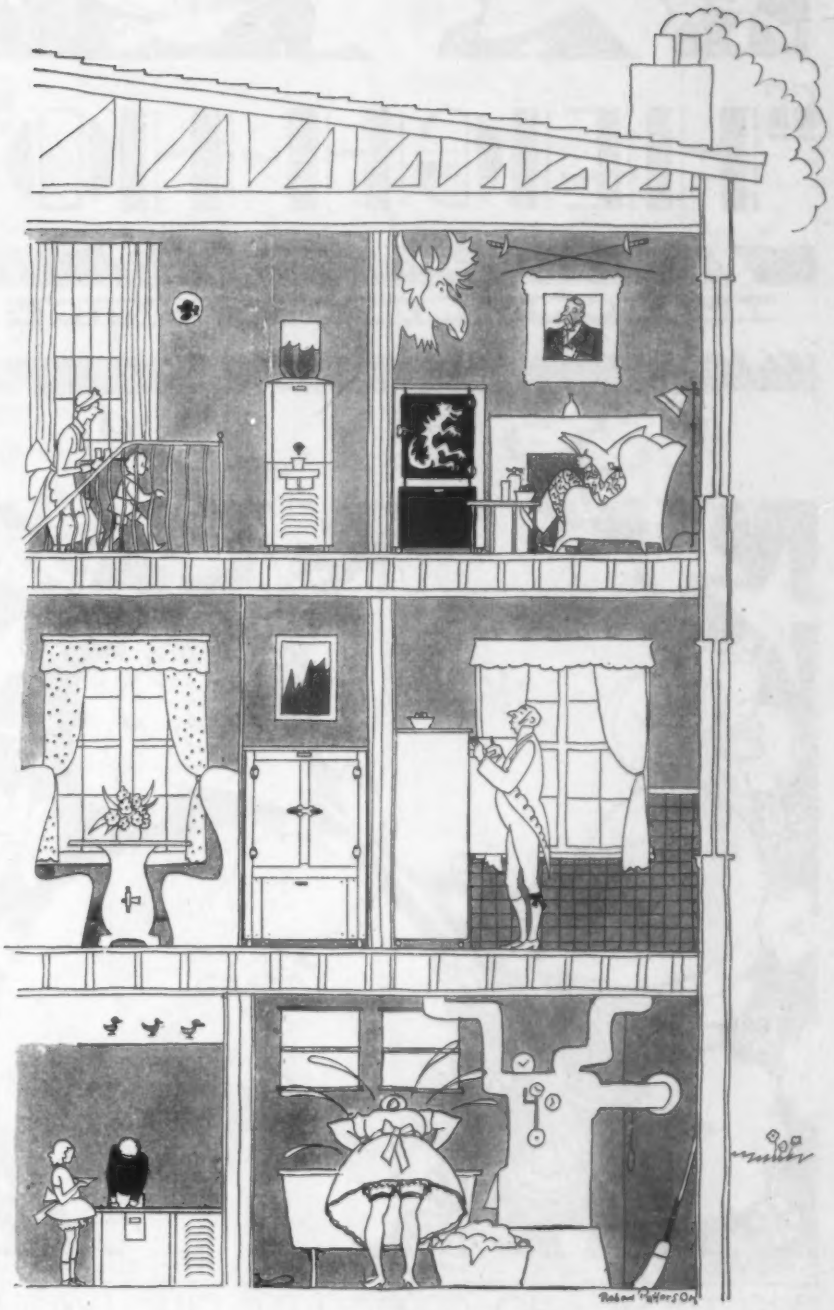
FUNNY about us "Quick Thinkers." We were the first to buy Frigidaires. Then we quit thinking about refrigeration forever. No matter what size or model we happened to get...that was that!

The other day I visited a friend out in the middle west. In an alcove off his study, there was a Frigidaire painted black with a gold dragon on the front. Looked like it might be a 1935 model of a radio contest. It was beautiful and proved to be useful.

There was a built-in Frigidaire in the kitchen, finished to harmonize with the kitchen decorations... and it did. Another built-in Frigidaire in the butler's pantry seemed superfluous, but a Frigidaire Water Cooler where the kids could help themselves and the water is always cool for the table is a great idea for any home.

And speaking of kids, down in the playroom there was a Frigidaire ice cream cabinet with two kinds of ice cream ... and I knew one more reason why that house was so popular with the rising generation.

It occurs to me that there are a great many homes where more Frigidaires would be a help and if you would let Winston Paul, the New York Distributor, send a man out he might suggest really adequate equipment. The address is 39 West 45th Street and the telephone is Bryant 8700. Or if you'd mail the coupon full information will be sent you.



FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET Automatic Refrigerator

WINSTON PAUL, 39 West 45th St., New York.
I'd be glad to have the information.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"HEIGH-HO"
THE OLD LIDO OF VENICE
35 EAST 53 d.
DECORATED AND PRESENTED BY DON DICKERMAN
FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE FINE DANCE MUSIC THAT IS FINE MUSIC AS WELL
EDDIE DAVIS
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
FAMOUS AT the CLUB ROYAL, LIDO, SIXTY CLUB, AND CANOE-PLACE INN
REGENT 0550 WICKERSHAM 8585 REGENT 0569

East Sixtieth is also much patronized, though the orchestra is as languid an outfit as I have observed in some years.

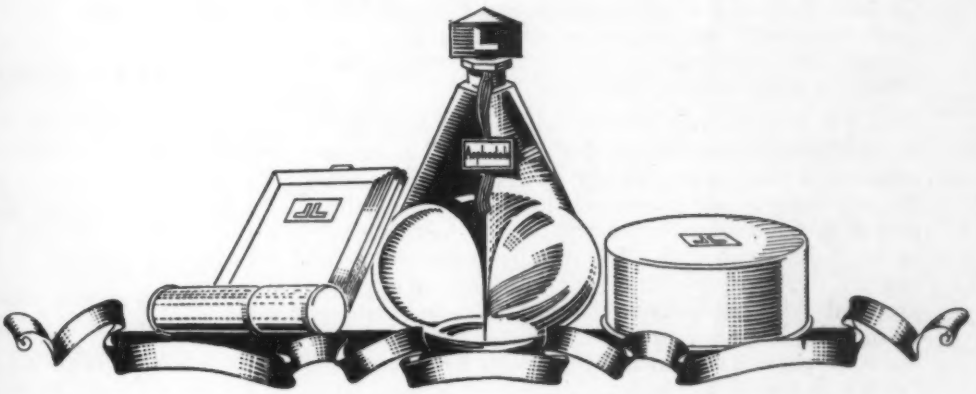
BARNEY'S, at 85 West Third Street, is still packed at supper-time despite the vicissitudes of life uptown, mainly because a certain adoration for Barney persists in the bosoms of a sufficient number of New Yorkers to cause them to wend their way thither almost automatically night after night. Peewee Byer's orchestra makes dancing a pleasure, and Walter O'Keefe, the master of ceremonies, is a real wit in the topics of the day. After a visit or two you can easily keep a dinner party of non-Barney habitués in gales and gales with your gorgeous sense of humor. Except, however, for this important social feature, my favorite time at Barney's is for late dinner dancing, particularly on Sunday night. This is one of the few places that are not depressing when there are few people there, and the food is swell. Besides, once in a while I want to relax.

ANOTHER place—this time without dancing but with Russian music substituted—that promotes relaxation and romanticism in the right people, is the tiny Samarkand, at 8 West Fifty-second Street. It is dimly lighted and colorfully draped, and those of you who are susceptible in candlelight should think twice before going. The lunch and dinner have many courses; the service is completely casual. You will love it with the right partner.

And, while we are on the subject of Russian decoration, the Yar Restaurant, at 9 East Fifty-fourth Street, is one of those places that are frightfully smart. With its tiny size and decoration

SHE WALKS IN FRAGRANT LOVELINESS

She is like a flower. Where she moves, a little song of fragrance touches the heart. Upon her cheek a flower's fresh blooming is held soft captive. Upon her lips dwells a warm touch of loveliness . . . For her that is like a flower these delicate creations of Lenthéric have been dream—then reality . . . exquisite translations of her own subtle allure . . . Powders of Lenthéric like a thistledown caress, each echoing sweetly and clearly the note of its companion-perfume—whether it be the triumphant beauty of *Miracle,* the gardenia languor of *Asphodèle,* or the gay audacity of *Le Pirate* . . . Then, Lenthéric lipsticks like dainty toys of mother-of-pearl and gold to accent the tender curve of lips with smoothest, warmest tones . . . Silvery Lenthéric compacts modeled with a jeweler's skill after a slim French watch and fragranced to match her perfume. All these Lenthéric tributes to rare and vivid charm can be found in the smarter shops as well as in the Lenthéric Salon



Lenthéric perfumes, $5 to $45 . . . Powder in 5 subtle shades, and white, $1.00 (Each box contains its own immaculate puff) . . . Double compacts, smart and slim, with a catch that works as precisely as a watch . . . with its own extra powder refill, $2.50 . . . Lipsticks, three shades, $1.50

Lenthéric *Paris*

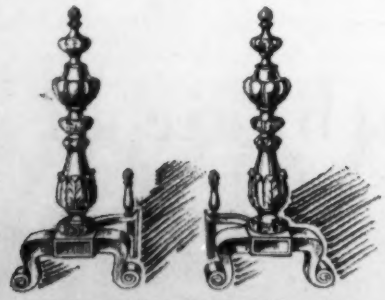
PARFUMS

SAVOY-PLAZA · FIFTH AVENUE AT 58 · NEW YORK

Do Your Andirons Harmonize?

Harmony among home appointments is vital to decorative beauty. Together, the mantel and andirons serve as a clear illustration. No matter how exquisitely carved and shaped a mantel, unless the andirons match its particular period or motif of design, the result is a discordant ensemble—a denial of real interior beauty.

This House offers to its patrons distinctive Andirons in all of the various Period designs, as well as those attuned to the more modern concepts. They are the creations of our craftsmen, inspired during the course of a century's contact with genuine antique and modern mantels. In our showrooms you can see the complete fireplace ensemble. We have grouped with each mantel, andirons and other fittings in harmony with it. Why not come and see how these Jackson offerings will help you to "make the most of your fireplace"? A Booklet, outlining our service, sent upon request to Dept. NY.



Georgian Period Andirons in 16th Century Iron and Antique Gold, $165 for the pair. Firesets and fixtures to match.

WM. H. JACKSON COMPANY

2 WEST 47TH STREET NEW YORK 318 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1827

THE OLDEST HOUSE OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

and Russian music and singing, it tries to promote the desire to smoke long cigarettes in gigantic holders and talk about the soul. But remember that you must pay for smartness and atmosphere combined, and pay in great zooms. The food has never been top-notch when I was there and the service is of the indolent and haughty type that so maddens me. Go with an even-tempered rich beau who is accustomed to Rule.

THE oftener I go there, the more I marvel that Robert's Restaurant, at 33 West Fifty-fifth Street, has not become less perfect with popularity. Despite a huge success with people who really love their food, there is the same tenderness about the sauces and the fixings, the same feeling that you are the most important person that has ever entered the place. I like service of the kind that anticipates your vague premonition that you are going to run out of butter. And I love a perfect dinner perfectly arrived at.

WHAT Ho for the shad-roe season! My own experience with it started pleasantly at the Madison.

—LIPSTICK

•

THE PROMOTION

SO I says to my husband, "It's no use you goin' round with a face a block long," I says. "That ain't goin' to get you no place." "That ain't it," he says. "Can you beat it, him promoting Poikens when he on'y woiked here just half the time I did?" he says.

So what did I do? I just give him a piece of my mind. "Ya dope," I says straight to him, "din' I tell you to ast him for a raise a coupla months ago? Din' I? If you hadda ast him for a raise then, even if you din' get it," I says, "at least he woulda had you in mind when it come time to promote somebody."

But what did he do? He din' do a damn thing, that's what he done. He just goes mopin' round the house. "Geez, I give the foim the best yearsa my life, and where's the appreciation?" he says. So I tells him right to his face, I says, "You don' desoive no appreciation. You don' stick up for ya rights. You let 'em promote some dope who's been there on'y half as long as you, right over ya head," I says. "An'," I says to him, "as long as you don' assoit yourself to ya bosses' face—

Let us send you after the Barracuda

BRING out the tackle—get bait and companions ... and be off to where the biggest and finest lie waiting. Expenses will take care of themselves, if you live at 75 Central Park West. For the actual difference in the rent you now pay if you live in this vicinity and the cost of maintaining an apartment here is from $1500-$3400 a year—enough for hunting and fishing trips to almost any part of the globe.

75 Central Park West is a Fifth Avenue Co-operative moved to the west of the Park. In units of 4, 6, 8 and 9 rooms, some duplex, these apartments are the finest workmanship and material can produce. Every modern comfort-making equipment—including mechanical refrigeration. And an early purchase means that we can build a town house after your own design. The architect is Rosario Candela—and the builder Fred T. Ley & Co., Inc. Occupancy September 1929.

Write today—or call—for details about this remarkable rent saving.

Selling Agent:

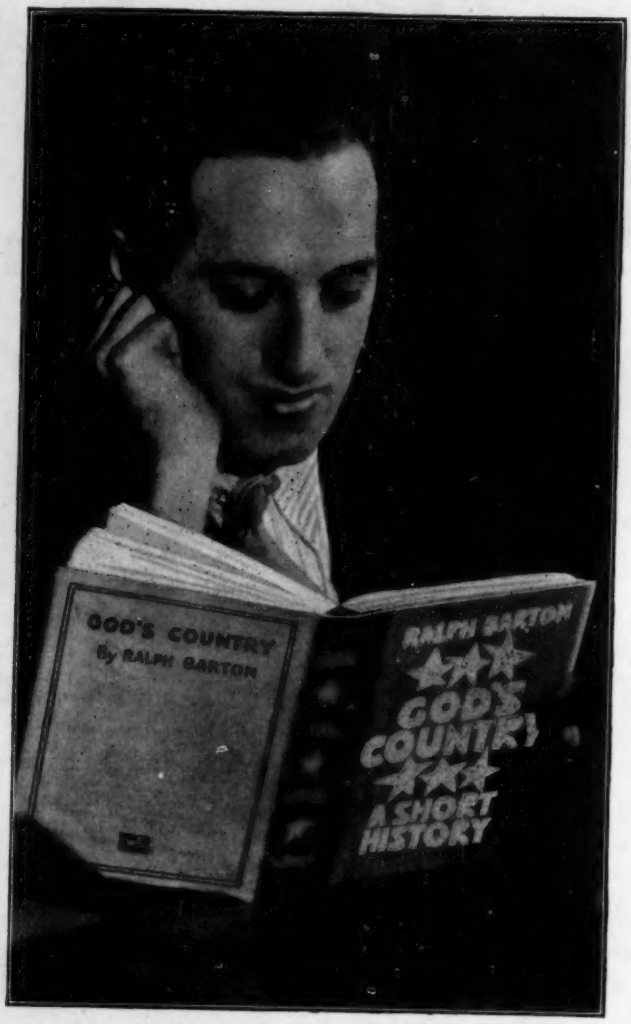
PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.

660 Madison Ave. REGent 6600

165 West 72nd St. ENDicott 8300

75 CENTRAL PARK WEST BRINGS NEW DISTINCTION TO FIFTH AVENUE'S TWIN AT 67th ST.

GOD'S COUNTRY



Ralph Barton's wise and witty history of the Country Nobody Knows is a Borzoi Book

"I am never bored by a Borzoi Book"

George Gershwin

GEORGE GERSHWIN

noted composer of "An American in Paris" and "Rhapsody in Blue" is an enthusiastic admirer of

BORZOI BOOKS

Alfred · A · Knopf · Publisher

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

well, don' expeck no symp'thy f'me," I says.

So it's like I'm tellin' you. A week goes by, n'en two weeks, n'en a month. "Well, Moe," I says to him, "did you say anything to the boss?" I says. "No," he says, "but ev'y time he looks at me I give him a stare. He knows why I'm starin' at him awright. Believe me, if he's got a guilty conscience, it'll hoit him. It'll hoit him so hard he's bounda gimme a raise."

Can ya beat that? I tol' him to his face, "Moe," I says, "it seemsa me you're actin' like a dope. You think by starin' at them bosses you're gonna get a raise. You think them bosses is scared of ya stares, ha?"

"Listen," I says, "if them bosses was scared ev'y time somebody stared at 'em—well, take it f'me, they ain't scared a nobody's stares," I says.

All he says to me is "You'll see." Sure, I seen. Yeah. What happens? The boss just gives Poikens the promotion. An' what gets me is you know who got Poikens his job? Moe got him his job. Sure. He was outa woik and Moe says to him one time, "Listen, why dontcha come up to my place and ast for a job, because I think they laid a man off." An' now look. Poikens is promoted insteada Moe. Ain't that comical, I ast you?

WELL, all I can say is that if Poikens really was a man he wouldn't take no promotion. No, sir. He'd say, "No, I think Moe desoives the promotion insteada me," and he wouldn't take no promotion. But is he a man? Say, you don' get no gratitude in this woild from nobody. B'lieve me, you don't.

So it's like I been tellin' ya. He ain't got no raise and he ain't got no promotion. No, I don't want him to quit. Y'see if he was to quit now, he'd lose the bonus. Yeah, they're supposed to give a bonus ev'y halfa year and I'm afraid he'll miss the bonus if he quits. But b'lieve me, if they don't give him a raise after he gets his bonus this time I'll give him a piece of my mind he'll soitn'y remember. What's more, I'd like to see Mrs. Poikens try to get me on the phone now. She'd have a fat chance, b'lieve me.—ARTHUR KOBER

•

Tourists arriving here who lose or break their glasses on the boat or train (and we have many such callers) need have no fear of having the glasses accurately duplicated.—*Oculist's adv. in a Cuban paper.*

The old Cuban frankness.

FROM

ANCHOVIES TO ANISETTE

Anchovies and Antipasto ...Sherry Clear Soups...prepared Meat rarities and their correct sauces by Sherry...Vegetables in Glass...down to Brandied Fruits and Sherry coffee for the demi-tasse...non-alcoholic Liqueur and Cordial ingredients...these and their associate table delicacies are now obtainable through this newest Sherry service...Sherry-approved importations and products of the Sherry kitchens for over-the-counter selection. In the same charming establishment...Sherry Confections, Fountain Products and the smartest of Informal Restaurants...for Breakfast... Luncheon...Tea...Dinner.

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MALLORY HATS

SPRING TOP COATS

OF WORUMBO CAMEL'S WOOL IN EFFECTS OF SMART SIMPLICITY

A TOP COAT of this material—finest of the fine—is the hallmark of quality and luxury and the cherished possession of the wearer. Procurable here in natural Color, Blue, Oxford-Gray and Fancy-Patterned Weaves. Single-Breasted, $125. Double-breasted, $135.

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE
COMPARE!

Broadway At 32nd St.
1268 Broadway
338 Madison Avenue
125-27 W. 42nd St.
Broadway At Warren
Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

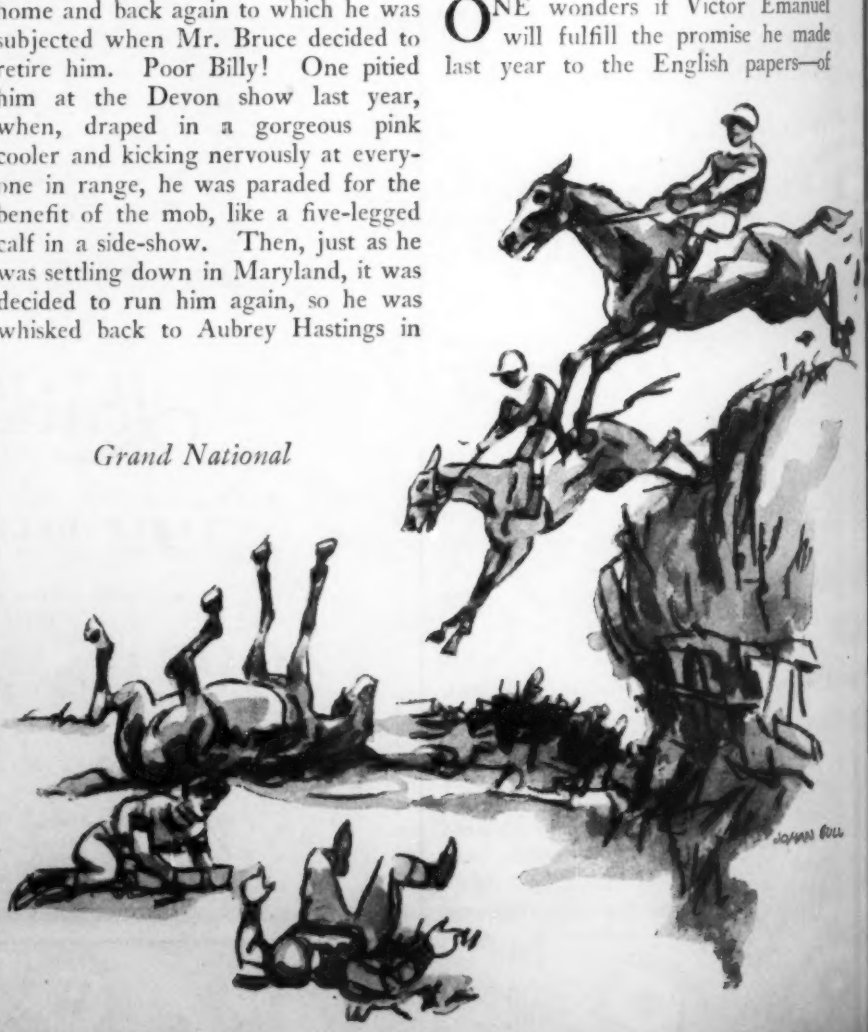
Expatriates — A Prince's Sale — Quaint Old California—The Army Goes Abroad

FOR the average American, the first fine flavor of the Grand National has worn off since Billy Barton's hairbreadth failure last spring. That year he went to England fresh from a string of spectacular victories

here, and made his heroic try over a strange course, in a strange climate, without the jockey he was used to. This year he is just an American-owned horse trying again. His chances are lessened, I think, by the voyage home and back again to which he was subjected when Mr. Bruce decided to retire him. Poor Billy! One pitied him at the Devon show last year, when, draped in a gorgeous pink cooler and kicking nervously at everyone in range, he was paraded for the benefit of the mob, like a five-legged calf in a side-show. Then, just as he was settling down in Maryland, it was decided to run him again, so he was whisked back to Aubrey Hastings in Wiltshire, where the weather has been such that he hasn't had a single race.

None of the other American-owned entries has this handicap of a change of climate to surmount, as they have all been left with their respective English trainers since last year. Laddie Sanford's Bright's Boy, who is one of them, is an unimaginative horse that almost always gets around well up, but has never won. However, he has proved beyond doubt that he can jump the course. Jock Whitney would seem to have a strong pair in Maguelonne and Easter Hero, whom he bought from the ill-fated Loewenstein. I don't, however, think the National is a mare's race, especially for a small weedy one like Maguelonne; and Easter Hero was the cause of bringing twenty-odd horses down at Becher's last year in his spectacular fall. Whitney may not start Easter Hero, high up in the weights as he is, for the conviction is growing that his speed would make him a valuable horse in the big steeplechases here.

ONE wonders if Victor Emanuel will fulfill the promise he made last year to the English papers—of



Grand National

having a ride round in person. The idea of riding races burns in him, in spite of his limitations of figure and horsemanship, as was again shown when he bought De Gomme from the Prince of Wales' stables—"to ride in some races myself." De Gomme did win a race last year for the Prince, and thus joined a rather select company. One would have thought he would bring a better price, for sentimental if not actually practical reasons. In fact the very low prices realized at the sale were a distinct surprise. In their determination to pay only for value received, and not for glamour and associations, bidders somewhat undervalued the horses, all phenomenal jumpers.

The Prince was not hard to suit in horses; he cared nothing for looks, size, age, manners, or anything else that puts prices up in show-ring-mad America. One day last year Harry Beeby, who has supplied horses to all the Americans who come to Leicestershire—and at one time or another to most of the English people there—appeared on a small, ewe-necked, fidgety, generally ill-favored mare.

"I shall sell this animal to the Prince today," he remarked calmly.

It was a big run; Beeby found a couple of places even more trying than Wales cared for, and the mare soared over all. She was sold on the spot. Later, this Lady Doone, as she was

AT THE RADNOR HUNT THE ART OF WEARING HATS IS UNDERSTOOD

If you were to drive out some fine spring morning among the hills back of Bryn Mawr, out to the picturesque old clubhouse of the Radnor Hunt Club, perhaps you would see a little group of men with clear skins and sunburned faces, looking at the hounds.

These men would not be noticeable for any eccentricity of dress. It would be impossible to point out a distinguishing characteristic in their appearance. Yet it would be at once obvious that these are persons of unquestionable position. There is something quietly authoritative about them. Their names are known to almost everyone.

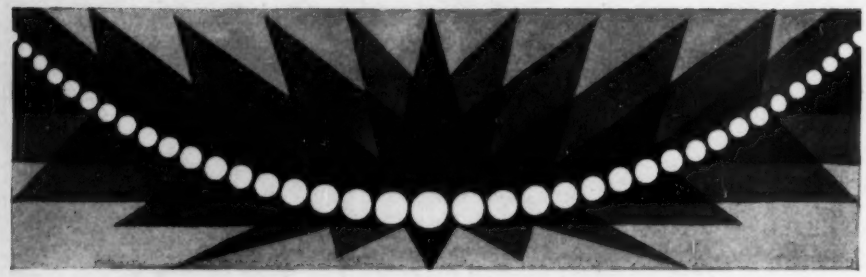
Well-known men, leaders in finance and society, are the real arbiters of masculine styles in this country. Their taste is respected, their manners copied. Their clothes are the best clothes, their hats the best hats. And in an astonishing number of cases those hats are Stetsons.

That is why Stetson is able to forecast with such certainty the trend of fashions that are still to come. Experience has shown that the shapes and colors selected by distinguished patrons will almost inevitably be tomorrow's vogue. As a consequence, Stetson is always first in the field with the most authoritative styles.

There is a Stetson style and model for every type, in a wide selection of smart colors. All the best stores have them. The prices are from $8.50 to $125. . . . John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

STETSON HATS

EXHIBITION



NECKLACES
of genuine ORIENTAL
PEARLS
as low as $300

This exceptional opportunity is created by an unusually large and advantageous purchase recently made from a famous pearl merchant in the Orient —an organization so important that it operates its own extensive pearl fisheries.

Rich in color and glowing with the warm lustre that emanates only from genuine Oriental pearls, these exquisite necklaces make possible the realization of lifelong dreams—possession of a necklace of real pearls!

The illustration shows the center of a necklace containing 157 pearls, weighing 70 grains, perfectly graduated in size and matched for color. This superb string is priced at $425.

Betteridge inc.

Fifth avenue at 45th street
Wall street at Broadway

JEWELS—WATCHES

Counselors in the selection of Diamond engagement rings

called, ran well for the Prince in a couple of races, though the distances were too great. In the sale she went for only two hundred and fifty pounds.

MR. BEN MEYER of California must have paid more for the recently imported tiny Billet Doux than the Prince's whole stable fetched. We saw this pony two years ago at the Dublin show, going along a hard macadam track like a house afire, and considered him the greatest harness pony alive. Paddy O'Connell tried for two years to buy him for Jean Browne Scott, but couldn't; so it is logical to suppose Mr. Meyer must have dug deep, as the pony is better now than ever. He swept everything at Los Angeles, and should do so anywhere. Incidentally, it is a great pity that Californians don't enter their harness horses in the eastern horse shows. They buy the best England produces, show at two or three places on the Coast—and then, I suppose, keep the champions in cotton wool till next year.

The railbirds at our shows might get a real thrill in more ways than one if these harness horses came east, for it seems the ladies out there drive in full evening dress, hatless and bejewelled. The magnificence is almost tropical; according to an account of a show there, a lady in "old gold, black, and white lace," and another in "orchid and wine color" drove their phaetons in a close contest. If this tradition were in force around New York, the big department stores could run the gamut in costume models, instead of being pinned down to the everlasting breeches and coat.

THE Army horse-show team, undaunted by failures and lack of governmental support at Amsterdam and the National last year, is setting forth on an even more ambitious tour this year—a trip which tentatively includes a few of the spring shows around New York, then Warsaw, Cologne, London, and Dublin. No foreign nation ever attempted such a program, and on the face of it, success seems doubtful because of the constant travelling, the completely different obstacles at each show, and the lack of sound and thoroughly schooled horses. It is at least a graceful gesture to Poland and Germany, who beat us three years running after crossing the ocean in midwinter and landing only a few days before the National opened. —TOUCH AND GO

Wash off the unwanted years!

... lightly smooth on Pinaud's Cream; then in clear, cool water WASH it away ... now look in your mirror ... touch your cheek!

... just half-a-minute—yet now you can see that dull, lifeless look change to young challenging radiance! Can feel a new velvety texture! ... For in a single swift application PINAUD'S NEW CREAM has done *three* fundamental things for your skin—has *cleansed* it more thoroughly than ever before, deep down to the very bottom of the pores—has *supplied* it exquisitely—*toned* it healthfully. Offsetting the aging power of the clogging dirt, drying winds and weary hours that rob your skin of youth. Use Pinaud's Cream faithfully each day and your cheek will grow—and *stay*—smooth as a petal, young and radiant as dew-washed dawn! ... At leading stores in Jars and Tubes.

Cleanses ● perfectly, "floating" the dirt from the pores, never leaving them choked with fatty bits of itself—as do ordinary creams!

Tones ● till the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and skin glands is awakened: alive again!

Supples ● the contour-moulding muscles to youthful elasticity, smooths out the premature lines that drying winds and suns encourage.

Pinaud

PARIS—NEW YORK

Makers of French toilet preparations for more than one hundred and fifty years

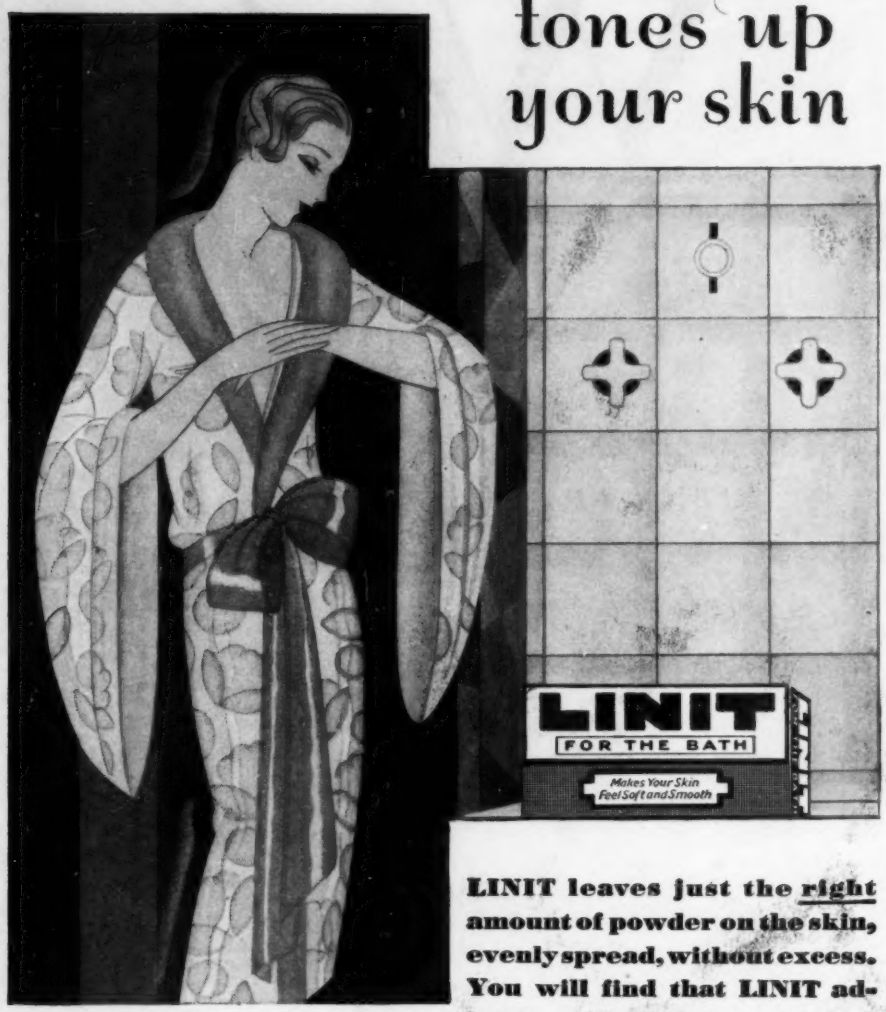
Copyright Pinaud, 1929

☐ Please send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.
☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply. (Check offer you prefer and mail to Pinaud, Dept. N-3, 220 East 21st Street, N. Y.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

How a LINIT Beauty Bath tones up your skin



TO "tone up" your skin—to have a skin with that glorious soft "feel" of rare velvet—

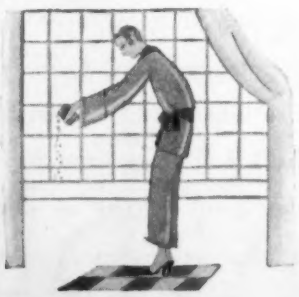
And to get it INSTANTLY—without waiting—without discomfort—

Merely dissolve half a package of LINIT (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath. Step into the tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath. Bathe with your favorite soap as usual.

Then feel your skin. It is like velvet!

After your LINIT bath, powdering is unnecessary, as LINIT leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread, without excess. You will find that LINIT adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates oil shine on body, hands and face.

Whether your skin is the dry or oily type, a LINIT bath is equally effective.



Linit is a pure vegetable product—its natural color is white and it is not disguised by added color or odor.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

INFORMATION GLEANED IN A DENTIST'S ANTEROOM

Tyrolese costumes are highly resplendent.
There's no better roof than an African thatch.
Morals at college are in the ascendant
(According to Glurk in the *Denver Dispatch*).

Sheep in Wyoming are herded in millions.
Tigers and leopards abound in Thibet.
Movies that chatter are valued in billions
(Or so runs the claim of the *Worcester Gazette*).

Sunsets in Spain are of marvellous beauty.
Nothing surpasses the Lincolnshire dews.
Copper and tin should come in free of duty
(According to Swink in the *Hagerstown News*).

Nothing in Florida, Frisco, or Eden
Can equal the climate the Siamese boast.
What we most need is a treaty with Sweden
(Avers with decision the *Louisville Post*).

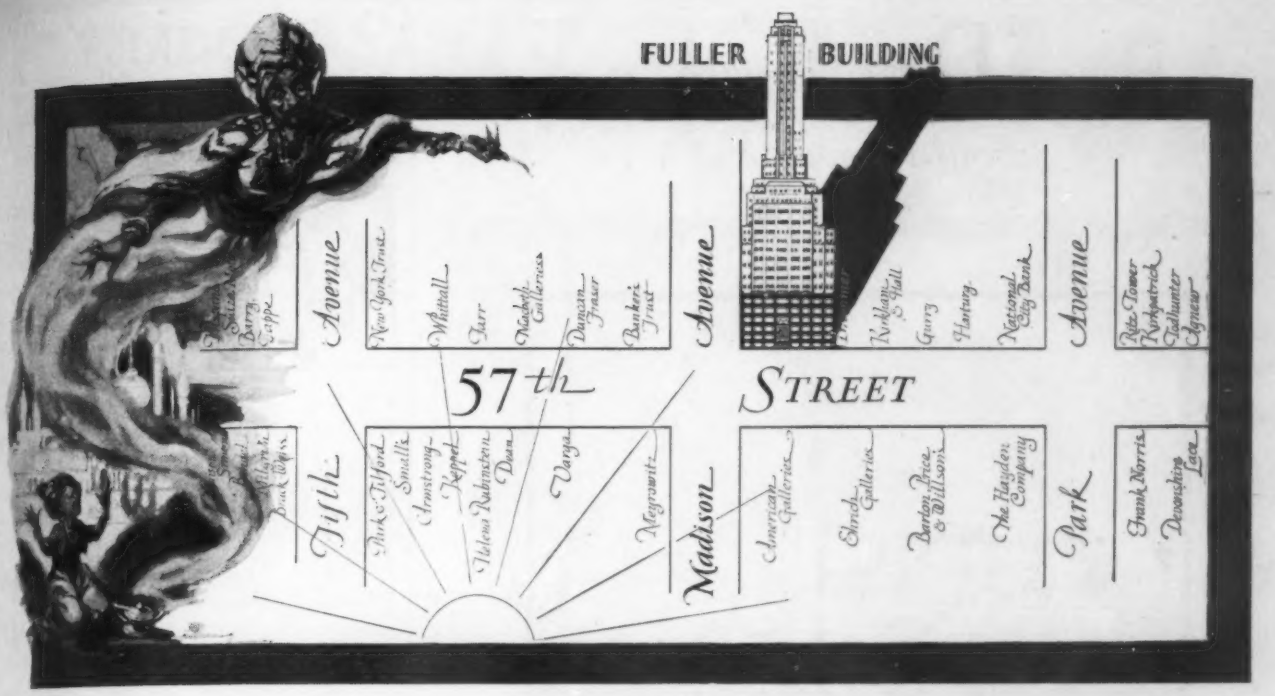
Figures on crime and solutions for traffic.
Pictures of castles once owned by the Caesars.
Hail to the April and June *Geographic!*
And eke to the *Digest*.—Now bring on your tweezers!

—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

Editor, Sigma Chi Bulletin: I am so much interested in, and pleased with, our Magazine, that I draw to your attention that which in my opinion is a little defect. For some years I have noticed with concern the custom of padding the last page of the section headed "Chapter Eternal" with jokes. This custom seems to me to be in poor taste.—*Letter to fraternity magazine.*

Leave the jokes in and call it "Chapter Temporary."



THE STREET OF THE GENII *in* BAGDAD-ON-THE-SUBWAY

NEW YORK needs no Aladdin . . . no one to rub the Magic Lamp . . . no one to conjure up the Genii—those superhuman beings who produce the rare and precious at command.

Bagdad-on-the-Subway, as O. Henry used to term New York, makes its own magic . . . It has its own Genii. They are the super-shopkeepers of to-day . . . It has its own Street of the Genii. Fifty-Seventh Street.

London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Moscow—all have streets, districts, where the best shops are concentrated, year in and year out, unvaryingly. But New York—how it has changed in the brief span of its comet-like rise from a frontier outpost to the metropolis of the world.

Yesterday it was Forty-Second Street, the day before Thirty-Fourth, before that Twenty-Third and Fourteenth, and so on back to the beginning of things far down on Maiden Lane. Confined between its rivers, New York had one way to grow. Northward.

THIS is the day of Fifty-Seventh Street—last and greatest of the cross-town highways of success. Greatest, because New York has grown incredibly richer through the years. Greatest, because this fantastic abundance of wealth is concentrated in the residential district at its back. Greatest, because the purchasing power which supports it is reckoned in Billions.

AND at the heart of things—on Fifty-Seventh at Madison—the crossroads of culture and wealth—rises the Fuller Building.

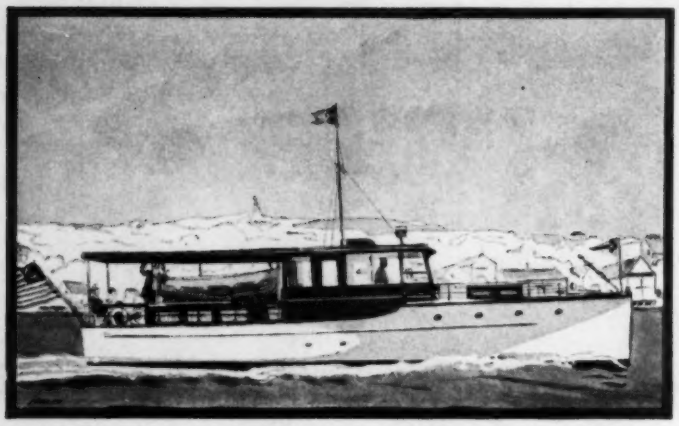
A magnificent 40-story tower building facing south. All black granite and white Alabama limestone. Striking. Modern. Its first six stories devoted to Vertical Shops—six-story shops for the display and sale of the finest merchandise; each with its own private elevator, its own street entrance, its own display windows and entrance on lobby on every floor . . . or individual shops above the ground floor may be had.

West toward Fifth Avenue, east toward Park, lie the shops of the Genii. Gowns, cloaks, furniture, antiques, foreign cars, hats, shoes, silver, beauty salons, *objets d'art*. Every rare and precious object that taste can select and the incredible wealth of New York's Upper Two Percent can buy. Gathered here from the ransacked corners of the earth.

What forward-looking merchants joining the Genii will place their names on these Vertical Shops—selecting the peak location?

The opportunity awaits the wise. The shops will be ready with full service to tenants in early Fall. Inquiries may be addressed to United States Realty & Improvement Company, 111 Broadway, New York, Rector 4300. Temporary Renting Office, Savoy Plaza Hotel, 5th Avenue at 58th Street, Regent 5000 . . . or your own broker.

"Days we wish would never end . . ."



Once aboard their Elco, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Torrence measure distance only in terms of contentment. Nowhere else do they find such complete relaxation, such keen enjoyment.*

THE SARAJO* docks in the beautiful inlet at Mamaroneck, a hundred yards or so from the summer home of its owners. This handsome Forty-Two is the fourth of a series of Elcos (the first a Twenty-Six) bought by its owners within the last few years.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrence are enthusiastic in their conviction that the Sarajo represents not an extravagance, but a sound investment in health and happiness. No taxes, no expensive repairs, surprisingly low running cost. And during the long boating season endless opportunity for outdoor sports, for the most delightful kind of entertaining, for travel in the economical comfort of a compact home on the water . . .

Almost any still summer night finds the Sarajo slipping quietly out into the Sound. For at the end of a city day Mr. Torrence welcomes the instant escape it offers from the discomfort of noise and heat . . . Probably a gay, informal supper aboard with five or six friends. Perhaps, on moonlight nights, a swim, or swift careening on an aquaplane in the Sarajo's lively wake . . .

Cruising is a hobby with this young couple, who make frequent short trips—through the Sound—up the Essex River —around the Long Island shore. Last August, with four friends, they made a ten-day cruise to Nantucket, with shore stops at New London and New Bedford. As delightful a short vacation trip as they ever took, Mrs. Torrence says. And already plans are under way for next summer's cruising. Plans which fortunately need consider neither time-tables nor accommodations, but only the whim of the Sarajo's happy owners . . .

* * *

The history of every Elco boat is as thrillingly individual as the man who owns it. For each owner finds in the opportunity for independent voyaging a constant stimulation and a challenge, and each responds in a characteristic way.

At Port Elco, where we will be glad to receive you at any time, you can get right aboard a Forty-Two (or any other model on display) and make your own tour of inspection. Or we will send you Catalog NY on request.

PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami.

Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, $2,975; Veedette, $4,875; Cruisette, $5,950; Thirty-Eight, $10,750; Forty-Two, $16,500; Fifty, $25,500.

*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

HOCKEY

Tabloid Tempest—Scouts vs. Gatekeepers—Hawkeye

HOCKEY games are not decisive in an evening or an afternoon like prize-fights. They are the installments of a serial. The Rangers-Boston game, for instance, is a travelling circus performed on an average of three times a month from October to April, and for fans in this part of the country it is the most interesting one on the schedule. With the thought of a Rangers-Boston Stanley Cup series in their minds, the people watching the two teams meet in the Garden on Sunday night showed probably more excitement than they would if they had come there to vote on a new Constitution or to impeach a President.

The crumpled newspapers which, according to a custom borrowed from Montreal, whirled down from the balcony in exciting moments were, as usual, mostly tabloids. Few of them reached the ice. They settled on the laps and shoulders of the boxholders, a class of spectators whose attitude seems to deny the existence of tabloids. Colonel Hammond, receiving a copy of the *Mirror* on top of his hat, turned around with some irritation. During the week he had been badgered altogether too much by picture newspapers to welcome a free copy of any of them.

It was a reporter on the *Mirror* who, three days before, published a story stating "from a thoroughly reliable source" that the Rangers had thrown a game to the Maroons, 1–9, as a protest against Hammond's discipline. The President of Madison Square Garden interviewed each member of his publicity staff in turn to find out who was the "thoroughly reliable source" from which the story had issued. Naturally, the men questioned denied having said anything. They advised the Colonel not to confer upon a tabloid paper the importance of having its charges contradicted.

VARIOUS sport writers have suggested in the past that hockey games have been "thrown." They have even described how the agreement was made. You were given the whole process—the mutter going round the dressing-room, the meeting in a lunch-

SUMMER IN COOL HAWAII is the season of the flame-trees!

Crimson Poinciana Regia and Pink and Golden Shower trees splash their amazing colors against a Maxfield Parrish sky. Blossoms like gold-and-scarlet humming birds glow from the depths of shaded gardens behind century-old coral walls. Hibiscus flowers, as gay as giant tropical butterflies, flutter in the cool sea breeze that makes your summer visit to Hawaii so delightful.

To see Hawaii some time between May and August, when the flame-trees are in bloom, is one of the world's most colorful travel experiences—even for those who have shared the gayety of the winter season at Waikiki, when smart refugees from wintry climates gather to revel in the velvety warm waters of Hawaii's world-famed beaches.

A whole summer is too short to enjoy Hawaii to the full,—yet even two or three weeks will let you spend an unforgettable vacation among these gem-like isles of the Pacific. Surfboarding at Waikiki one day, outrigger-canoeing the next; playing on one of Hawaii's dozen scenic golf courses in the morning and loafing deliciously all afternoon; shopping in quaint Oriental bazaars, visiting the volcanic wonderlands of Hawaii U. S. National Park, cruising among the islands of Kauai, Maui, Hawaii and Oahu, game-fishing, motoring, hiking through lush mountain trails, sightseeing, native Hawaiian concerts and dances—a month goes by before you realize that tomorrow's steamer must take you home!

Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast, and all-inclusive tours range upward from $300 for three weeks, to $400 and $500, including all steamer fares, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip with two weeks or more ashore. De luxe accommodations, also, that are equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Hawaii is U. S. A.—and railroad and travel agents everywhere can book you direct from home without passports or formalities, via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver, B. C., to suit your sightseeing plans en route. Ask your local travel agent about a vacation in Hawaii now.

HAWAII

The WORLD'S Enchanted Island Playground

MATSON LINE *from San Francisco*

Sailings every Wednesday and every other Saturday over smooth seas on fast de luxe liners; also popular one-class steamers. Novel entertainment features—glorious fun. Matson All-Expense Tours include transportation, hotels and sightseeing. See your travel agency or Matson Line: 215 Market Street, San Francisco; 535 Fifth Avenue, New York; 140 So Dearborn, Chicago; 1805 Elm Street, Dallas; 510 W Sixth Street, Los Angeles, 1319 Fourth Avenue, Seattle; 82½ Fourth Street, Portland, Ore.

LASSCO LINE *from Los Angeles*

Sailings every Saturday over the delightful Southern route on Lassco luxury liners and popular cabin cruisers. De luxe accommodations; also economy tours on all-expense tickets. Ask at any authorized travel agency or at Los Angeles Steamship Company offices: 730 South Broadway, Los Angeles; 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; 1329 Kirby Building, Dallas; 685 Market Street, San Francisco; 119 W. Ocean Avenue, Long Beach, Calif.; 217 East Broadway, San Diego, Calif.

For beautiful illustrated booklet in colors and copy of "Tourfax" travel guide, mail this coupon today to . . .

HAWAII *Tourist* BUREAU

P. O. Box 3615, San Francisco;
P. O. Box 375, Los Angeles; or
P. O. Box 2120, Honolulu, Hawaii

125

Name _____ *Address* _____

. . . "In the very nick

These new, beautiful and graceful models arrive upon the scene!"

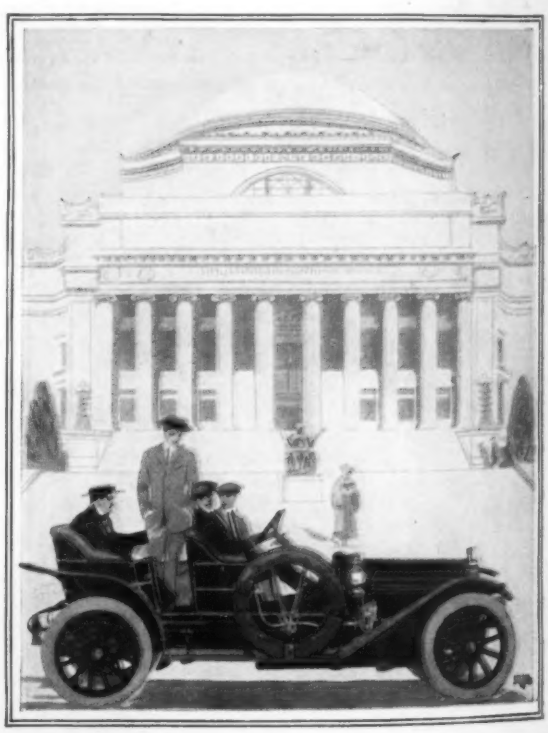
QUOTED above is a reference to *the new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight,* by Colonel Robert D. Garden, who for twenty-five years supplied fastidious New Yorkers with motor cars of this same famous make.

And now another page in fine car history has been turned with the new Pierce-Arrow—a car that has size without bulk, and beauty rather than tonnage.

Generous size and capacity there must be in the finer cars. But no longer at the sacrifice of symmetry of line, and spirit of performance.

Pierce-Arrow has solved the problem in the finest tradition. Incidentally, it has brought forth an automobile which spells the end of "the dowager" type among fine cars.

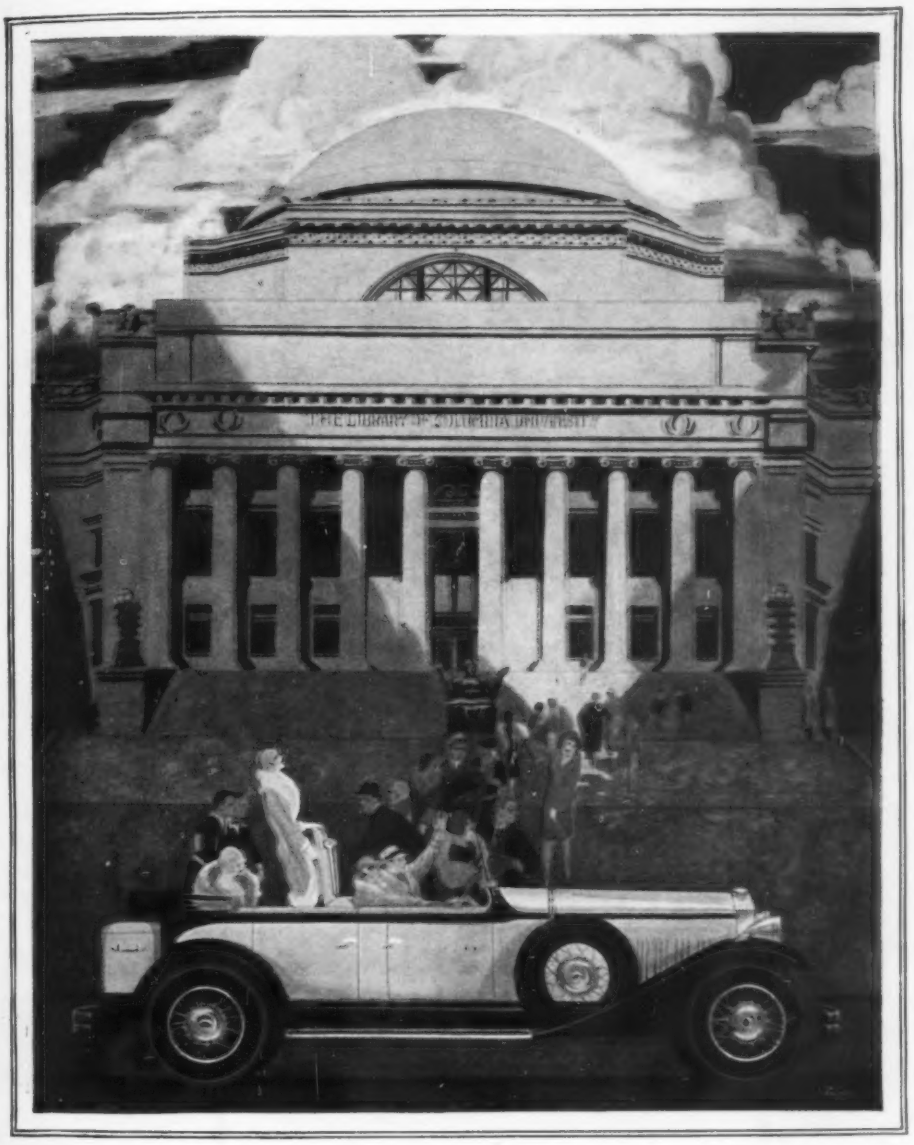
There was never a car more satisfying to the eye, or one more easily handled, than this newly arrived patrician among automobiles.



Twenty years ago Louis Fancher painted the original of this Pierce-Arrow automobile — then the finest car of its day. The scene is the Library of Columbia University, New York City.

PIERCE

and point of time–



The same artist who did the illustration on the opposite page painted this 1929 Pierce-Arrow. The scene is the same . . . the car is of the same make, the same fame . . . the finest motor car in America.

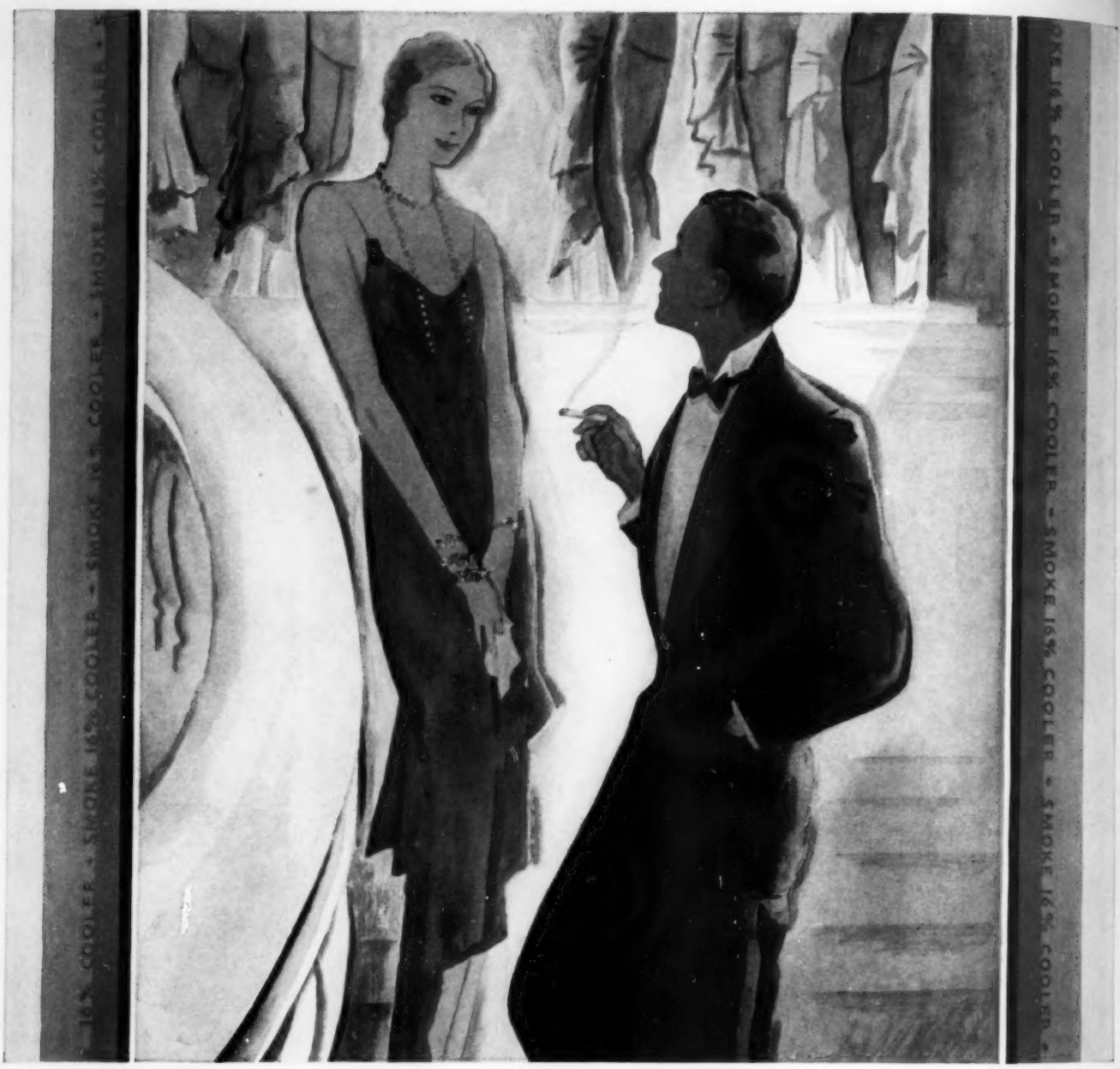
$2775 to $8200
AT BUFFALO

The purchase of a car from income has been made an altogether attractive procedure by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation. The average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

A STRAIGHT EIGHT *by* PIERCE-ARROW

125 Horsepower Engine ▲ ▲ 85 Miles per Hour ▲ ▲ 133-inch and 143-inch Wheel-bases 59½-inch Rear Tread ▲ ▲ 72-inch Over-all Height ▲ ▲ Ample Head-room ▲ ▲ Wide Doors ▲ ▲ Pierce-Arrow Coachwork ▲ ▲ Non-shatterable Glass ▲ ▲ Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge ▲ ▲ Bodies by Pierce-Arrow—and Pierce-Arrow in every part!
Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to fine motor cars.

ARROW



STILL STEPPING . . . STILL SMOKING . . . STILL COOL

Three o'clock in the morning . . . hours of dances and cigarettes . . . cigarettes and dances. Bless the hostess for providing Spuds! Because Spud is the perfect inter-dance cigarette . . . a crisp, cool-mouthed smoke for those moments of cherished confidence, those snatches of necessary on-the-wing banter. Smoke Spuds through the season's festive evenings. Keep a comfortably nimble tongue with which to pay your parting respects . . . not a woolen something-or-other which mumbles. Smoke Spud, the new freedom in unlimited old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

room afterward, the conspiracy. Last year a paper that usually confines its scoops to accounts of the doping of race-horses accused the Americans of losing games by going on the ice drunk. The story was never denied. Coaches and players are generally willing to let the public believe any scandal it wants to, knowing that the only effective contradiction is the performance of the teams on the ice.

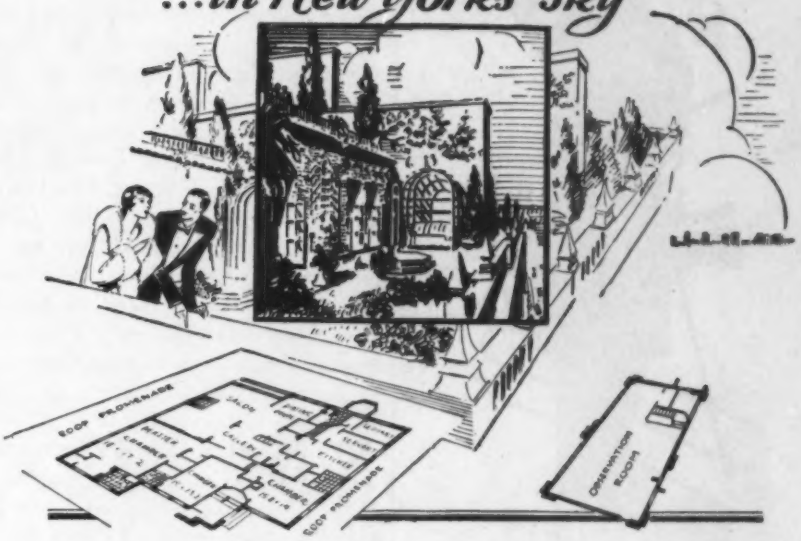
Hockey is organized in a way that makes crookedness possible but neither likely nor profitable. Sport writers who don't know much about the game sometimes express a facetious interest in the possibility of hockey scandals. These writers take the attitude of being too wise to imagine that any professional sport could be honest. "Well, what's the dirt? I hear you tossed that game in Montreal." It is a type of humor popular in several branches of sport, and the wisecrackers are insulted and surprised at the reaction it draws in a hockey dressing-room.

IT would not, of course, have been beyond conception for the Rangers to drop a game on purpose as a protest against conditions in their own club. There is no doubt about their having played terrible hockey the night the Maroons cleaned them up. At various times Hammond and Patrick have got on each other's nerves because each has his own way of showing his interest in the team: Patrick, a way of action, of calculated instructions; Hammond, a kind of nervous worry. If the team isn't going well, the Garden's president is sure to interview the coach during the intermission. What is the matter with this player? He has a bad knee, he's doing his best. Why is one wing in the wrong alley? Well, Patrick had told him to play there.

There are more questions and answers. When the door closes behind Hammond, the atmosphere of strain has been intensified. The result is what is known as "friction." I suppose there's always a certain amount of it between a club-owner and his coach. It represents the difference between problems and anxieties. No doubt this friction had something to do with a 1–9 defeat. The Rangers didn't feel like playing. That they agreed beforehand to throw that game I don't believe.

WHETHER or not they get on with their club-owner, most players at this time of year put on the best

YOU PROMENADE
...in New York's sky



READY for occupancy August 1st, this beautiful Penthouse atop 37 Washington Square, an eminent new apartment building.

Here you may dwell in an entrancing sky-laid home where truly exalted fresh air and unimpeded sunshine are your constant visitors...Where each night becomes a charming cloak that wraps your lofty balconies in the scintillating loveliness of high far-seeing places.

Eight large rooms, four baths and a majestic 20x30 ft. observatory-solarium with a 13 ft. ceiling...This room, approached by an attractive stairway, has unlimited possibilities—perhaps a glorious library or some ingenious retreat that you alone can plan.

Three master chambers, spacious salon, dining hall, kitchen, servants' hall and two servants' rooms.

Only your visit of inspection can give you a proper appreciation of this unusually beautiful Penthouse placed on a high gardened roof.

37 Washington Square West

Household features: General Electric refrigeration, built-in cupboards... incinerator, non-tarnishing chromium metal fixtures, enclosed shower baths, cedar closets, mail chute, wood-burning fireplace.

Building plan affords variety of apartments: Three rooms and bath; four rooms, two baths; five rooms, two baths (all with extra lavatories); six rooms, three baths; doctor's suite, five rooms, private street entrance.

Telephone Spring 8690

SEE MANAGING DIRECTOR ON PREMISES OR YOUR OWN BROKER

show they can. This is true even of teams far down the ranking. A player's salary next year is determined by the showing he makes in the weeks before the playoffs. It is the scouting season, when minor-league and amateur games are attended by deputies from the National League.

Most hockey scouts are former players. Three of the best-known are retired members of the Toronto Olympic team: Harry Watson, Lou Hudson, Jack Porter. Others, like Charles Querry and Gene Dopp, are old lacrosse players. These men and a few others are regarded as having a nose for hockey talent. They travel around the country looking things over, as secretive as characters of James Fenimore Cooper.

To young Canadians, a hockey scout is a romantic and mysterious figure. Who knows what a scout looks like? Good scouts are heard from but not seen. In an effort to avoid being identified they go to the length of buying their own tickets to the games they want to watch. Gatekeepers are on the lookout for them, but scouts know how to fool gatekeepers.

SOME coaches do their own scouting. A one-time amateur player told me how he had sat with Lester Patrick at an amateur game in which George Owen was playing for the University Club in Boston. Patrick had never seen Owen but he refused to let his friend point him out. He wouldn't even buy a program. After watching for a while the coach picked Owen out himself, asking if he was the "defence man with the '8' on his sweater who skated like a centre."—N. B., JR.

MAKE IT SNAPPY

YES, you'd better hurry. You don't know what you've been missing, if you smoke without having Squibb's Dental Cream to brace up your taste.

Squibb's not only protects, it snaps up and livens. The tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia, left in the crevices of the mouth, tend to keep your smoking taste always keen and crisp. Sweeten the breath, too, and tone up the whole oral cavity.

Make it a point tonight to start using Squibb's Dental Cream. You'll find it at any drug store. 40c a generous tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Feminine Charm

HANDS . . . graceful . . . expressive . . . care for them with the same delightful cream that enhances the loveliness of Madame's face.

Crème Simon, designed for the hands as well as the face, protects effectively against the rigors of the winter elements.

Crème Simon is free of greasy ingredients. Soothing and pleasant to use, Crème Simon becomes a most luxurious part of the daily toilet.

Originated in France and sold in all parts of the world for 75 years.

Only a *good* product can live so long and each year show an increasing favor by Madame!

For sale everywhere.

CRÈME SIMON
PARIS

MAURICE LÉVY
Sole U. S. Agent
120 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y.

A China Service with Seven League Boots

THE china service which is our text for today defies nations, boundaries and frontiers. It's as international as the hopes of the Peace Conference, as colorful and as cosmopolitan as a Deauville crowd.

Nimbly it skips from Jersey the state, past Jersey the Isle to Staffordshire, Worcester and Stoke-upon-Trent. It takes Limoges in one stride, Bavaria in the next, enlisting in its service the loveliest colors and patterns of the world's famed potters!

It's new, the newest of the new. You select your service yourself. You blend or contrast color and form—you choose a new pattern and shape for every course. You determine whether the place plate is to be Pompeian red or dark blue. You select the appropriate service for canape and soup. You become the sole genius of your table's loveliness.

Festive! Magnificently so. Modern! Right up to the last split-second. And charming, charming beyond all scope of word or phrase.

Of course, it takes thought and the unlimited resources of a china shop as famed as Ovington's. Here and here alone will you find the limitless variety of patterns for your choice. For only at a shop that offers the masterpieces of such world famous potters as Ahrenfeldt, Cauldon and Copeland, Black Knight, Lenox and Minton, Rosenthal and Royal Doulton, Wedgwood and Royal Worcester, can you hope to find the wide divergencies of color and design, the subtle modulations of shape and shade that these newest of dinner services demand.

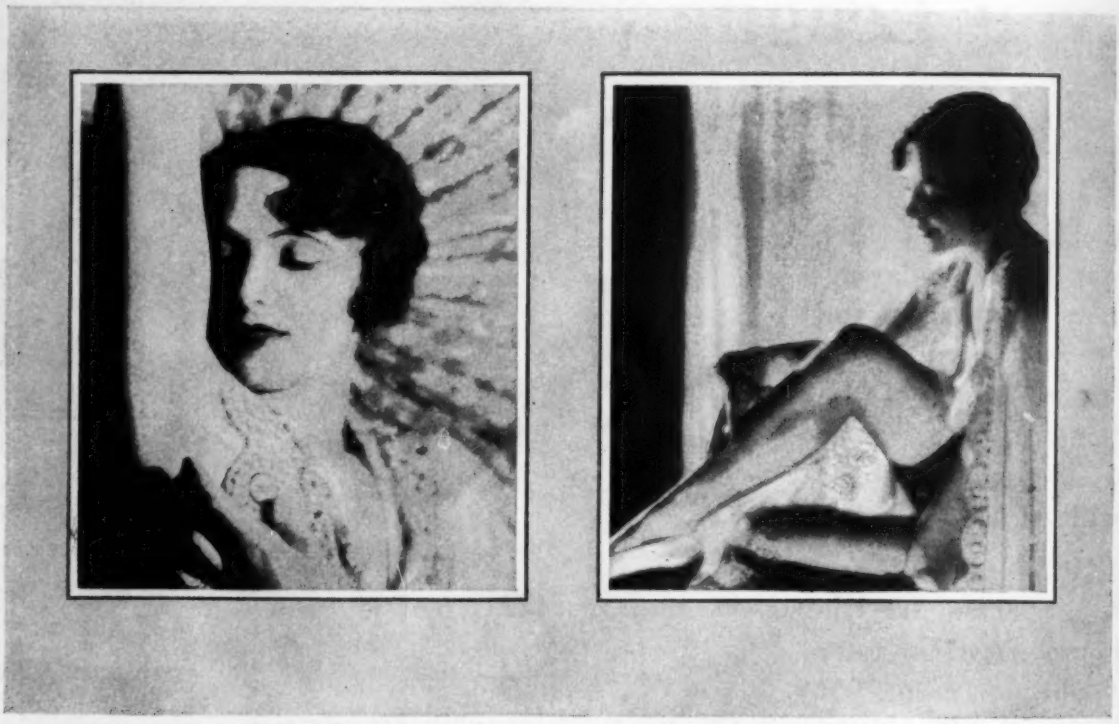
OVINGTON'S

"Gifts from all over the World"

FIFTH AVENUE AT 39TH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone: Caledonia 8702

TO RID ARMS AND LEGS OF HAIR WITHOUT BRISTLY RE-GROWTH



Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly, coarsened re-growth banished forever

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way

An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly—But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW WAY of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What it is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to obtain

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

INDOOR POLO

Paying Guests Accepted —One Against Brooklyn

THE ponies, those guests who have so little say in accepting invitations, are beginning to arrive at the Squadron A Armory for the National indoor-polo championships. All the mounts of visiting teams are quartered there during the games; in the course of the next three weeks as many as three hundred will be living in the subterranean stable the Armory offers them. They will come from points as far west as Chicago and Ohio, and from such nearby places as Brooklyn and the Bronx. Ponies from around New York stay in the Armory only for the games, being taken back and forth from their own quarters in huge padded motor vans.

WHEN you spend an evening at the Squadron you are sitting above a well-appointed community of horses whose stalls and equipment fill both the space under the ring and that under the tiers of seats on either side. The horses and riders you see leaving at one end when a period is over wander down a runway into a huge stable. Its brightly illuminated and cavelike entrance, whose pungent ammonia odor has probably attracted your attention when you came in, turns abruptly out of sight and brings the riders into the main corridor of the horses' home. The long ramp, whose rubber padding looks like sections of garden hose, gives way on the level of the basement to a broad, brilliantly lit roadway that runs practically from Madison Avenue east to Park. On each side, short passages hold rows of stalls.

Long before the spectators begin to arrive, the stable is alive with action as the grooms get their ponies ready. The activity continues through the evening, for while the games go on upstairs the handlers, oblivious of what happens above them, work on the mounts for the periods to follow.

It is a completely self-contained community, efficient and as different from the world of the upper levels as

Suppressed Stories—No. 3

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HENRY?

*No . . . he's used his mouth-wash and can answer the waiter in perfect French. The trouble with Henry is that Easter found him giving the girls the same old perfume and candy . . . And now, class, find the boy known as "Alfred the Alert," who had the foresight to send Avia 57's.**

Avia 57's, as Alfred is modestly admitting, are America's sheerest hose. Enticing in their colors and made by McCallum, they cast their spell over all and sundry —in the best shops along the Avenue.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Advertisement

CLUB PLAZA

At the Hotel Plaza

LISTEN...in on Club Plaza Orchestra WABC Wednesday and Friday, 10:30 to 11 p.m. Thursday Tea Dance, 5:45 to 6:15 p.m.

BARON AND EARL
dancing at
Tea and Supper

DON HOWARD
Lyric Baritone

DICK GASPARRE'S
Club Plaza Orchestra

TEA DANCES
4:15 to 6:15 p.m.

SUPPER DANCES
starting at 10:30 p.m.

For reservations phone Plaza 1740 ... Membership cards have been mailed to a selected list. They may also be secured upon application to the secretary of Club Plaza.

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THE HOTEL
WINDERMERE
666 West End Ave.
Corner 92nd Street
HENRY F. RITCHEY...MANAGING DIRECTOR

NEWLY CONSTRUCTED ELEVATOR APARTMENTS
Wood-Burning Fireplaces
IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

135 East 74th Street
6 Rooms—3 Baths
3 Rooms, *Dining Alcove*
Telephone RHInelander 0371

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4 Rooms, Bath and *Extra Lavatory*
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Representative on Premises or
WHITECOURT CONSTRUCTION
247 Park Ave. *ASHland 2807*

some lost village in the Kentucky mountains. There are Squadron ponies that never see sunlight from a season's start to its end. They get all the exercise they need in the practice and the games upstairs, and they have only to stroll down the runway to be in their home.

The visiting horses pay a regular rate on a daily or a weekly basis which includes their feeding. They have, however, their own grooms and most of them do not seem to mind the new surroundings.

SINCE they first climbed to the top rank of indoor polo, almost four winters ago, the riders of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club have been seriously bothered by but one outside player, Winston Guest. When he was the star of the Yale team, he gave them their only real battles, and occasionally managed to beat them. Since his graduation he has continued to play hard polo, and it now appears likely that he will provide the only thorough opposition which the champions may expect in their attempt to win the title for the fourth time.

There has been some talk of Guest's playing with Archy Kinny as a teammate, in which case two of the three existing nine-goal players would be on the same team. Incidentally, Kinny has been playing superbly this year. Always the canniest of all the indoor players, he has been more active and aggressive this season than in some years past. It is still possible that he will play with Guest, a combination that ought to be well worth watching.

HERE AND THERE: Harvard's Varsity intended to enter Class A and the Open after all, but Tim Clark's reported decision to join his crew on the river may affect their plans. It was the first time that the Crimson had an opportunity of playing in senior polo. With Clark in the lineup the team had a handicap of fifteen goals, three above the Class A limit, an unusually high rating for college players. . . . Princeton is changing its team for the Nationals by putting young Billy Post at back. Post is an exceedingly promising youngster, and is the son of the Fred Post at whose place in East Williston are held those amazing auction sales of visiting International polo ponies. . . . Gerry Smith will be out of the Brooklyn lineup in Class A, for he is sailing to France a few days before the Class A finals. Harold Parsons will take his place.

—MARTINGALE

HOME AGAIN

THE great man had returned to the old homestead and the country at large was impressed and pleased with the aptitude he showed for the life of a plain citizen.

There was a "front parlor" in the old homestead, and back of this a dining-room opening directly into a good old-fashioned kitchen. There was a bedroom for the great man and one for the guests, and really very extensive closet room, as is often the case in these small-town houses. Over the kitchen there was a perfectly adequate room for the cook, though there was no back-stairway. That was unnecessary, and would have seemed pretentious in a dwelling of this sort.

The old furnishings that the great man had had in his early years still filled the rooms—the rockers, the sideboard, the morris chair, the drop-leaf table, the piano lamp, all the familiar adjuncts of the home in a country town.

The house had been crowded before its owner departed on his world-famous career. During these last years he had acquired many gifts, for he had been so powerful and everywhere so recognized as a great man, that it had been seemly for many persons all over the world to show their appreciation of his existence. It was at this moment difficult to decide where to place all these new possessions in these few rooms that had once been so adequate for all that he owned. There

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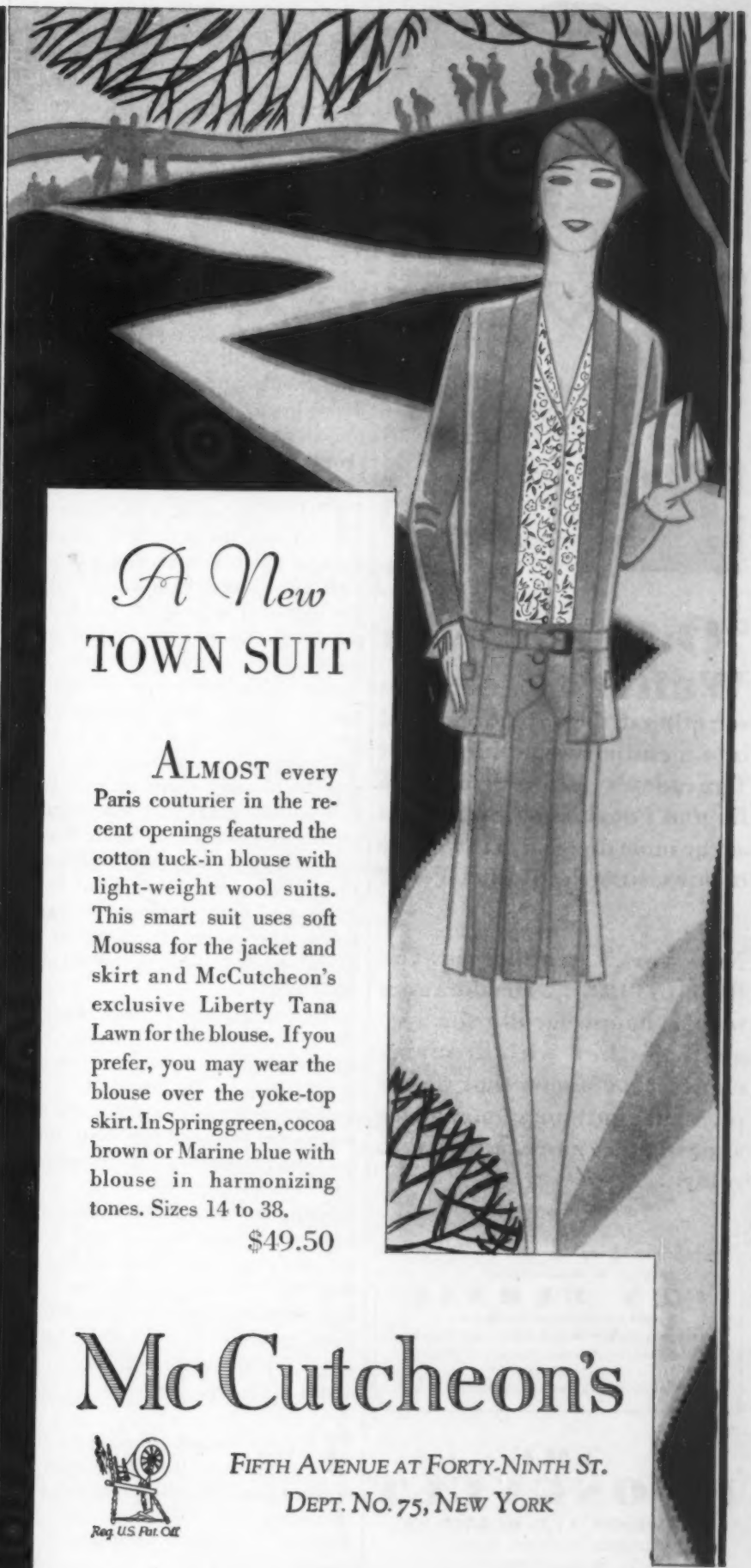


A New
TOWN SUIT

ALMOST every Paris couturier in the recent openings featured the cotton tuck-in blouse with light-weight wool suits. This smart suit uses soft Moussa for the jacket and skirt and McCutcheon's exclusive Liberty Tana Lawn for the blouse. If you prefer, you may wear the blouse over the yoke-top skirt. In Spring green, cocoa brown or Marine blue with blouse in harmonizing tones. Sizes 14 to 38.
$49.50

McCutcheon's

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

RETAIL HEADQUARTERS
OF LIBERTY OF LONDON

"Our Bavarian Waiter was so adept in selecting dishes which blended into a culinary symphony, that Thursday's dinner at the *Regina Palast* may be put down as the most delightful interlude of our visit to the Munich Fair."

▲

New York's parallel is The ROOSEVELT . . . Head-waiters with a happy faculty for suggesting that which seems choicest . . . Menus that create pleasant gustatory memories and, what is more, a desire to return.

▼

In the Roosevelt Grill
BEN BERNIE
and his Celebrated Orchestra
entertain nightly during dinner and supper
Manhattan's Merriest Musical Melange!
BEN BERNIE
on Brunswick Records Exclusively

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. *at 45th* ST.
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS

were elephant tusks with the great man's name carved on them in gold, and pottery, heavy and huge, from Mexico, and Chinese screens and Persian carpets, and an armory of curious weapons from all over the earth, spears from Africa, guns from the West and from Asia; there were busts of other great men by aspiring artists, done in marble and malachite and bronze. There were files of letters crested with crowns and with fasces and with the papal tiara, the signatures on which would some day be worth a fortune. It was difficult to fit all these things into the front parlor and the back dining-room and the bedrooms and the closets, and even into the attic above.

THE front door of the house opened into the wide hall which, because of a double-arched entrance, was almost the same thing as opening into the parlor. The stairs to the bedroom ran straight up from this front door; the voice of one standing in the bedroom could be clearly heard by any casual arrival. It had been different in the great house where the man had spent the few preceding years. There, there were doors and corridors and lobbies and antechambers and vestibules, and guards everywhere, to insure his privacy. Now, if he popped his head over the banister almost beside his bed, he might find himself facing an acquaintance who would shout up at him: "Glad to find you in. Shall I run right up?"

When dinner was being cooked in the kitchen the odors of frying chicken and of boiling vegetables permeated every corner of the house. One could hear through the thin walls the bustle among the pans and pots, and the badinage at the kitchen door between the "hired help" and the ashman and the iceman and the grocery boy. Never had such distracting dialogue reached the ears of the great man when he had been the cynosure of all eyes. Acres had stretched then between him and those quarters where humble persons dared be voluble and loud and hilarious.

THOSE who had been close to the great man in his greatest days thought somewhat of these things and wondered if they would not be difficult for him, even for a little while. The great man did not concern himself with these, however, but only said happily: "It is good to be home again."

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

Half-Tone

. . . a new mode in Cammeyer creations for Spring . . . that represents the perfect combination of genuine reptile and kid.

$16.50

Cammeyer
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH and AT 38TH

Dorothy Gray

Relaxation

IS NINE POINTS OF

Loveliness

FUNDAMENTAL in the laws of beauty is utter relaxation. Only by complete relaxation can you combat nerve fatigue that insidious destroyer of loveliness.

A tense look about the eyes and mouth, worried lines in the brow, jumpy nerves—all go to show that the modern woman is forgetting how to relax. Do not let nerve fatigue steal away your youth.

At the Dorothy Gray Salon there have been evolved scientific treatments which induce perfect relaxation. Here, in a peaceful atmosphere of rest and quiet, you sink deep into a comfortable armchair while an expert's skilled fingers soothe away the weary little lines and make the taut nerves let go. You go away utterly rested, refreshed, and so much lovelier!

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE · Telephone PLAza 6560

OD. G. 1929

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MARCH 6

IF you are buying Chanel models this month, your *vendeuse* will suggest these two: a sleeveless dress and matching cardigan jacket of a woven plaided material that looks like hand-knitting, but is not; and an evening dress of black marocain in the classic Chanel manner. Chanel shows literally dozens of both, with only slight variations in line.

Her collection is difficult to describe because the real news is the materials she has used. For that matter, the same is true everywhere—each designer has his own exclusive fabrics. At Worth it is a bright but not brilliant weave called satin lisia (Bianchini); at Louiseboulanger, a jersey-plume (Rodier); at Molyneux, a soft sort of faille woven in dark plaids—no name to this that I know of.

The Chanel lines are very much as they have been on the dresses you have been wearing for four seasons. The molded silhouette that flares out from just above the knees (cabled to you the week before last) is not new to her, but is recurrent throughout her collection. She gets the same effect in tweed by small, slender, and almost imperceptible godets that give the effect of a skirt that has been pressed when damp and pulled wider at the hem.

A large percentage of her daytime clothes are of knitted materials. Those that are not are fine prints, worn with tweed coats that have print linings and print revers. Her black marocain day dresses have collars and little bows of white piqué with jagged edges, and encrusted bows everywhere—even in the middle of the back or tucked under the edge of a tier. Tweed coats are severely plain, with edges and seams bound with strips of leather. Only two day coats, one with a simulated cape and one in black crêpe de Chine with pleated sleeves, could not come under the head of sports clothes.

Her evening dresses exaggerate the swathed-hip effect. The pale-green lace is as beautiful as ever. She has two or three dresses in black chiffon with ciré braid that holds godets and flounces out stiffly, as if they were wired. Black marocain dresses, for dinner and evening, are simple (but not plain!) and have the usual shoestring shoulder-straps placed to give a wide décolletage.

The little cape appears on both daytime and evening clothes. As often as not, it is attached to the dress and is extended around the shoulders to the front as a narrow circular sort of bertha. Nice, but not meant for any but the young and hipless..

"Well, dear, you see it was all done such a long time ago and such a long way away."

LUCIEN LELONG has evidently been noticing the clothes that the majority of outsizes among my visiting countrywomen are wearing. This year's collection is painstakingly marked, differentiating the jeune-fille dresses and ensembles from the rest of his models so there will be no mistake on this count, if he can help it. It is my own fancy that he is at his best doing the type of thing he lists as jeune fille, though most are sophisticated enough for anybody. I liked especially the dress Fétiche—a sleeveless black crêpe de Chine with a double-tier skirt. The top tier begins at the hip bones and has inverted box pleats at both sides of the back—a trick that makes the dress look as if the top were a long jumper, worn over a full skirt. This back fullness appears throughout his collection. Tweed and jersey skirts and dresses have godet-sided pieces inserted just below the hips; evening dresses keep to the peacock line he used last season.

Many of his dresses are in light colors — pinky beiges, beige greens, and grayish blues. His

Chloe, the Sealyham . . . out of Luck and sired by Chance is widely traveled, a leader in kennel movements and a connoisseur of lovely limbs and their cloaking hose. Chloe has no financial interest. We don't even pay her a bone.

Messrs. Peck & Peck

Being a dog—and a low-slung sport model Sealyham at that, I have a splendid chance to view all kinds of hosiery.

My mistress—the Countess de la Fouchette—has just endorsed (for $800) a cigarette she never smokes, a bathtub (for $30) she never uses and a bed (for $90) that she gives to me to sleep on.

But this testimonial (absolutely unpaid for) is perfectly sincere. The smartest stockings I see in town (and I see them swell) are yours—of Peck & Peck—

$3.75

The "Silken Snare" of PECK & PECK

Madison Ave., *at 69th*

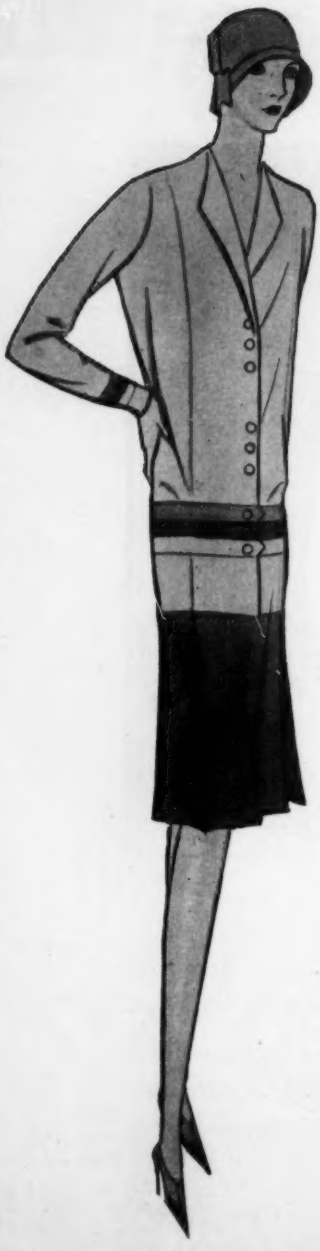
Fifth Avenue, *at 55th*

Wall Street, *at No. 34*

Fifth Avenue, *at 42nd*

Fifth Avenue, *at 47th Street*

DOBBS



JERSEY
IS IMPORTANT!

Jersey—so smartly appropriate for town, country and general sports wear is sponsored, in its most exclusive expressions, by Dobbs. The newly interesting one and two-piece frocks...colorful sweaters . . . jaunty sports suits with little collarless jackets... all with the distinction that is inimitably Dobbs.

For example. . . a Dobbs frock illustrating the subtle possibilities of this delightful material . . . shown in contrasting color tones.

$55.00

Dobbs Haddon—in lightweight felt, $15.00

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

printed evening dresses that are patterned in large exotic flowers in pale pastel colors are stunning. Yet his black clothes are the better ones, I think. I hope New York has bought the ensemble that he calls Dilettante. It is made for a lady—black crêpe de Chine coat, fingertip length, with a small ermine collar, worn over a sleeveless dress of the same material, with two tiers that modify into a simplified fishtail in the back.

All lace or chiffon sleeves are widened toward the wrist and are worn long to cover part of one's hand.

THE Molyneux collection is a great success. At his opening there was hardly a dress that wasn't picked out by someone, so you'll probably see a lot of Molyneux' sleeveless tweed dresses, black marocain cape dresses, wool voile suits, and black net and chiffon evening things.

The tweed jackets are lined with printed crêpe de Chine, though he suggests an alternative of chiffon. The tweed dresses that have little detachable capes are long-sleeved. None of them is belted at the normal waistline. If you are going Molyneux this year, wear a plain brown leather mannish belt, well below the hip bones—and pull it low at the back.

Chiffon and tulle evening dresses chez Molyneux have long waists, tight hips, and below that are a-flutter with big petals. Need I say they are long at the back? Black satin jackets of severe cut are worn with these; printed chiffon jackets with light dresses. Even granting the current phobia against beaded dresses, Molyneux's are lovely. The fine beads against dark backgrounds make them look like prints. The best bright dark blue dress—every house shows at least one—is here, in georgette, with a wide girdle of tight bands plastered down all around and cut into hanging strips of pleats at the back.

His brown voile ensemble is just about perfect. The material has a woven pin-stripe in both directions, making a quarter-inch check. There is a small beaver collar on the long coat. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

AT the time of writing, the majority of the Chanels and Augustabernards and numerous others are still on the high seas—all of them hanging around the smoking-room, I have no doubt. It seemed as though I arrived

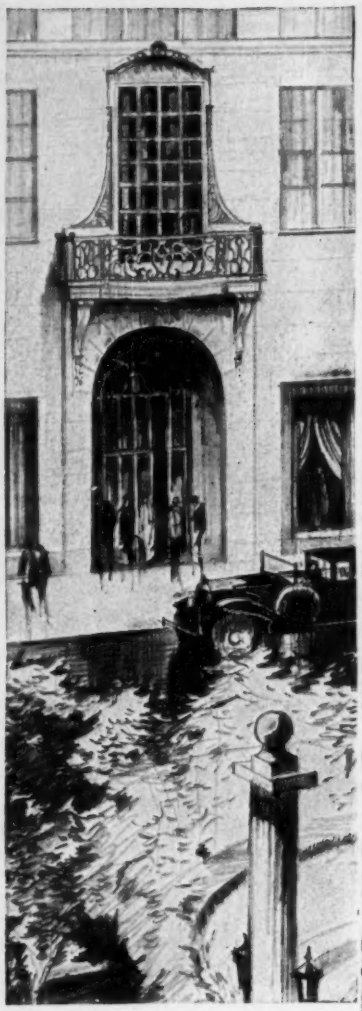
La Joie d'Elizabeth · Le Rêve d'Elizabeth · Mon Amie Elizabeth · L'Amour d'Elizabeth

These four perfumes—creations of Elizabeth Arden—are being introduced in Elizabeth Arden Salons throughout the world.

ELIZABETH ARDEN, *673 Fifth Avenue, New York*

CHICAGO BOSTON PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON PARIS BERLIN ROME MADRID

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929



MADEMOISELLE
PRINTEMPS 1929

In the morning she wears a subtly cut new Norfolk suit with contrasting sweater... proving that Paris and ourselves know how to decorate the Shinnecock Hills and White Sulphur trails . . . In the afternoon, a three-piece sweater dress not to be revealed to the Riviera until La Festa Club opens ... In the evening, a chiffon gown of utmost caprice in hem-line... almost too smart and prophetic to be true... All just arrived... and the Park is carolling spring applause outside our windows.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH · NEW YORK

breathless in each shop just in time to be told: "All our best models left five seconds ago to be copied." What with traffic and a weak heart and all, a girl can't be expected to cover more than eight shops in a week without nervous prostration.

Before plunging headlong into the hectic highlights of the week, however, I will first try to check up with some of B. M.'s recent reports. You can buy the snaky black taffeta dress by Hartnell, called Dracula, at McCreery. Spider Boy, by the same designer, is at Lord & Taylor. The models by Maggy Rouff, the new designer that everyone is taking up, have so far been distinguished by a charming ladylike quality. Dignified women should look at a day dress of beige shadow rayon (it looks like a very heavy georgette to me) with a black scarf collar, at Lord & Taylor. And then, disregarding a flippant and charming young evening dress of black organdie with a lace fichu at Altman, they should proceed sternly on and contemplate a black silk suit with a white satin blouse, a black crêpe dress, and an evening dress of black net with a pinkish foundation down to the normal waistline.

THE Molyneux models already seen are perfectly grand. Bonwit Teller has one typical sleeveful dress of a spongy silk-and-wool crêpe —in simulated two-piece style with a pleated skirt and a military shoulder cape that fastens with one button in front. This shop also has a black chiffon dinner dress with a bolero and fishtail train edged with cream lace, and another model of ciré chiffon that is worth your time and effort. Lord & Taylor have a dress of a spongy tweed, with the interlacing squares around the hips turning into box pleats in the skirt; for the rest, notch collar and buttons, plain as can be. Go to Altman for a dress and rounded jacket of navy wool crêpe, trimmed with finely pleated flounces of the same material and having a belt of navy and white print to match the jacket lining. Altman also has the Lelong suit Dilettante mentioned in the Paris fashion letter; and three evening dresses of coarse tulle all having overlapping convex ruffles or piers that start high in front, descend downward and outward, and create a long waistline and long skirt in back. The peacock train designed for young things.

Patou's Mimosa chiffon evening dress, all drippy and clinging and feminine as anything, is all over town, so

"Weep No More, My Lady"

LAY aside forever the ebony weeds of the golf widow —no longer need you ply your needle desolate and unattended in the great hall — for cunning craftsmen have fashioned for the house of Brand-Chatillon from purest silver a most potent talisman to woo your wandering mate back to his roof-tree and your bosom.

Aye, My Lady, even so, it is a cocktail shaker with tray and accompanying goblets wrought in metal unalloyed, and of most deft and withal artful design. But place this modern piece of magic upon the board and invite your lord and master to quaff a potion. The enchantment is certain, the sorcery most secure.

Only, My Lady, make haste. The great alchemists in the service of Brand-Chatillon seldom duplicate their bewitchments.

Complete set of 12 Goblets, Shaker and Tray $570. 12 Goblets $250, Shaker $150, Tray $170.

THE
BRAND
CHATILLON
CORPORATION
773 Fifth Ave. New York City
Savoy—Plaza

Wall Street . . . and a pent house in the East 50's . .

These are the two worlds of those extraordinary people, The Penfield Harringtons. Frankly, a most amazing couple. They know everybody, go everywhere, do everything.

And at four o'clock in the morning Beth still looks as shamelessly youthful as she did at the midnight supper, while the indecently robust Penfield can take a 5,000,000 share day in his stride, fight for merger options until 11 P. M. and then dance while the sun comes up.

Appallingly healthy, The Penfield Harringtons!

* * *

Seriously, a moment, what is the secret of these virile folk who flash across New York's horizons!

My boy, it's all done with the aid of simple window panes!

* * *

For "Penny's" Wall Street office, you know, is fitted with windows of Vita glass. It's the new English-developed glass that transmits the ultra-violet rays of sunlight. The rays which develop Vitamine D in the body, and build up resistance to disease.

Two hundred hospitals, including the new Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and the Post Graduate Hospital, use Vita glass.

Behind his office window, merely sitting at his desk and getting the day's job done, "Penny" Harrington drinks in the bodily well-being of sunlight, has actually acquired a coat of tan.

* * *

And Beth? Oh, it's just the same thing there. You have no idea how many Vita glass windows are installed in the East Fifties. There, while Madame lounges in the sunstream, reading, writing, arranging her hair, the rich sun-rays of Miami and Placid beat in on her, stimulating and refreshing her being with the vitality of ultra-violet light.

* * *

Expensive? A gift only for the luxurious few?

No. The extraordinary thing is that you may have a Vita glass window in your home—an ultra-violet health window for as low as $25.

Our telephone number is Vanderbilt 1749. Use it, and we shall arrange an installation within 24 hours.

VITA GLASS

Brings the sun indoors

*Vita is the trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Office) of and indicates glass and glassware manufactured for and sold by Vitaglass Corp., New York City

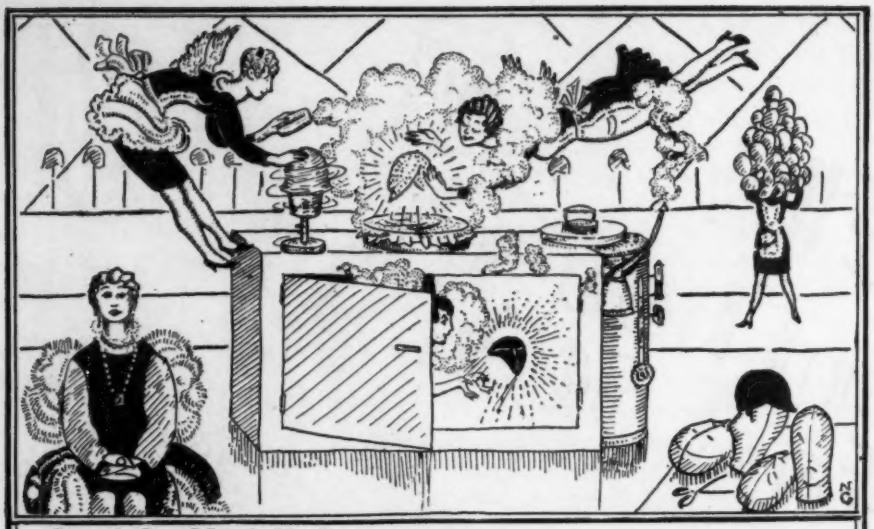
VITAGLASS CORPORATION Nyr.—2
50 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

I want to know more about Vita glass. Without any obligation on my part, please send me the full story. I am particularly interested in Vita glass for my ☐ home, ☐ office.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



Drawn for Betty Wales by Nat Choate

SOME HATS,—LIKE SOME MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN

Eugene O'Neill's new play, called "Dynamo" is all about falling in love with a machine!—Don't be silly my dear, —you won't.— But if, before your very eyes that amazing machine in the BETTY WALES MILLINERY SALON makes *you* a hat, following just the curve of your cheek, flattering you out of all reason, then maybe you'll understand O'Neill's plays,—certainly you'll have the smartest hat in town.

Made-to-your-profile

12.50 *Upward*

Millinery Salon—Second Floor

BETTY STOP WALES

FIFTH AVENUE at 36th STREET

Augusta TOTS-TOGS

Best Clothes for ages 2 to 6
Washable Jersey. 100% Wool. Finest Quality.

Fast Colors
Smart Styles

SUITS
$3.00
$4.00
$5.00

Also Junior Sizes

Best Shops Everywhere

AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP.
171 Madison Avenue New York City

THE old phrase ***"Meet me at the Fountain"*** is happily revived again to fix in the minds of New Yorkers a most convenient rendezvous and the delightful service for matinee luncheons and theatre dinners which the ***New Knickerbocker*** is featuring. Luncheons, 65c, 75c and 85c. De luxe dinners, $1.25. Sundays, $1.50. Remember the address—***West 45th Street, just East of Broadway.***

Horoscopes

Interviews by appointment . . $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

Frances M. Courtney

21 Fifth Avenue New York
Tel.: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Gramercy 3700

don't let your expensive specialty shop tell you it is exclusive.

NOW to my highlights: Chanel's loyalty to the short skirt for daytime has set fashion observers by the ears. I am one of those who believe that the hints of longer skirts in other collections are so attractively done that, in a year, even sports skirts will be worn some six inches below the kneecap by smart people. That is, at the point where the calf hovers gently before starting its inward curve to the back of the knee. Right now, you shouldn't wear Patou's dresses shorter than three inches below the knee or you will ruin the long-limbed look that is so gorgeous to this eye. Evening dresses can be as long as you like, and you will notice that the down-in-back movement has been more subtly treated than of old.

Waistlines are still variable. The princesse silhouette is here to stay. Vionnet, of course, has always regarded the natural lines of the figure as sacred. Patou molds and molds slim waistlines and non-existent hips. Chanel clings to her traditional long lines. The up-in-front, down-in-back type of thing is to be found everywhere.

You will find tunics, either real or simulated, here and there, usually worn over deeply box-pleated skirts. Boulanger does one in mouslikasha in scarf pattern, sleeveless, pinched in a bit at the waistline, and gathered up in a bow above the fullness in the back. A tweed coat and box-pleated heavy tweed skirt are worn with this (Lord & Taylor). Lelong's Fétiche also seems to fall into this category, and Patou has produced a buttoned, belted, and tailored silk tunic in his new orange, worn over a dark silk skirt. (Bonwit Teller.)

You have already read all about circular flare treatments in coats of all descriptions, in capes, and in frocks. I cannot quite get used to seeing the good old cardigan suit with a circular flare in the back of a skirt with a plain front, but Lelong has done it and The Tailored Woman has brought it to a good home. Maggy Rouff did a grand tuck-in dress of turquoise crêpe, with a sash around the waistline and the same surprise in the back. Numbers of dresses, particularly for evening, show a very amusing insertion of deep circular fullness in an inverted V in back. Saks-Fifth Avenue shows a perfect evening dress by Mirande in aquamarine satin, with tiny shirring straight up the centre front to a high V-neckline, and

the long back billowing from this treatment. If you want to see perky short circular skirts for young things, look, I implore you, at Lanvin's. You can identify them by the ornament at the elbow that carries out some motif of the costume.

LINGERIE touches are everywhere. Patou even puts little pink organdie frills on a sweater, tit willow, tit willow. Little frills appear at neck and wrist, particularly effectively on printed street and restaurant costumes. The gilet is very much with us. The handkerchief type of neckline also receives attention, and Vionnet's habit of attaching a scarf to the side of a V-neckline and slinging it across the opposite shoulder is no longer restricted to her. Callot even does it with bright red wool inside the neckline of an intricate brown tweed travelling coat (Saks).

Boleros, sometimes very short and sometimes just clearing the low waistline, are back again. The Molyneux shoulder capes have already been spoken of. Lord & Taylor have a perfect travelling coat in tweed, from Heim, with a short cape over the shoulders only. All kinds of capes are around for evening. I have seen lovely satin and velvet ones, all very intricate and swirly and circular in feeling, at Altman.

Sleeveless dresses are undoubtedly upon us for all times of day, and you won't be particularly horrified when you see how really light the tweeds are. But remember, children, nice ladies do not wear sleeveless dresses on the street.

THESE general and scattered bits of information will be supple-

• •

Smoker's accessories from Benson & Hedges

Triumphant, a recent Rumidor enthusiast confides that his favorite briar is no longer frowned upon at home. When he bought a handsome all-leather Rumidor the family critics were generous with praise . . . pleased by its distinction. For him peace and content . . . and better smokes moistened and mellowed by genuine 12 year old rum, the ideal tobacco preservative. The best shops sell Rumidors in many exclusive leathers and metals. Priced $3.50 to $110.

Sponsored in Europe by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd.

The Rumidor Corporation · · 501 Fifth Avenue, New York

Rum Refills

at most good stores. If not convenient to buy them locally mail $1 and we'll send a package of four.

If you remove cold cream..*right*

a clear, radiant skin will reward you

BENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and mulitiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you should use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

Kleenex comes in ample handkerchief size tissues.

It rubs the cold cream off, instead of in. It gets down into the pores and rubs away beauty-destroying germs. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to NY-3

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

mented from week to week with new and astounding phenomena of the mode. In the meantime, to pick up a few loose threads at various shops visited:

ALTMAN: Here, the older woman who wants to be chic and yet be her age has a better opportunity than I have observed in years. She should look at a Lenief draped black satin dress, with the top in rose and black print and a black satin coat; at Callot's and Vionnet's wrapped black satin dresses with irregular hems and scarves and buckles; at a Callot black crêpe dress with a coat that has inserts of white moire inside the deep flat pleats on each side to match the white lining; at Lelong's model Dilettante, and at black satin coats, one from Christiane and three from Paquin that cannot be bettered. See Boulanger's ensemble in brown silk with a white plaided pattern over it. The dress has a pleated flounce and a handkerchief gilet, and what could be sweeter?

BEST: Charming and youthful light suits for spring include a tweed Chanel in the new yellow tones, collarless and simple and having a knitted blouse; a black crêpe marocain Patou with a square-necked satin jumper adorned with a monogram in the middle; Schiaparelli's string tweed with orange flecks; a brown silk suit with an egg-shell crêpe blouse, decorated with bows down one side to balance the bows on the opposite side of the jacket, and a black silk suit with a printed black-and-white silk blouse adorned with a handsome double frill. Also look at London Trades' tweed coat, redingote style, very inexpensive; at Molyneux' evening capes with deep flounces in georgette and roma; and at a collection of evening capes and coats in velveteen, which is verra, verra chic.

BONWIT TELLER: Among the sports things for now and later, look at a perky Lanvin shantung tennis dress, very short and flaring; at Vionnet's pale pink tennis dress that has a scarf collar and a brown wool slipover jacket with a deep V-neck to accompany it; at Régny's light wool princesse coat-dress, at Chanel's new version of the cardigan three-piece suit with bows, this time in black jersey lined with pink angora;

STUTZ

THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY

BLACK HAWK

Ensemble

You can no more describe Stutz and the new Blackhawk by their features alone, than you can do justice to a beautiful girl by telling only of her complexion or her smile.

While these fine cars have everything in modern advancements, they are infinitely greater than their parts, or even the sum of their parts.

Each is an integral unit, a powerful sweet-running instrument of smooth transportation, harmonious in its beauty, alive with personality.

Take the wheel. Experience their new and finer performance. Know at first hand their greater driving ease, their luxury, their power, their *de-celeration*, their vibrationless, fatigueless riding comfort.

Stop the car on a hill. The "Noback" instantly and automatically prevents backward rolling without applying the brakes. It is exclusive with Stutz and Blackhawk. Yet it is just one of the features that will contribute to your new motoring experience with these fine cars.

STUTZ

sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK

at $2345 to $2955

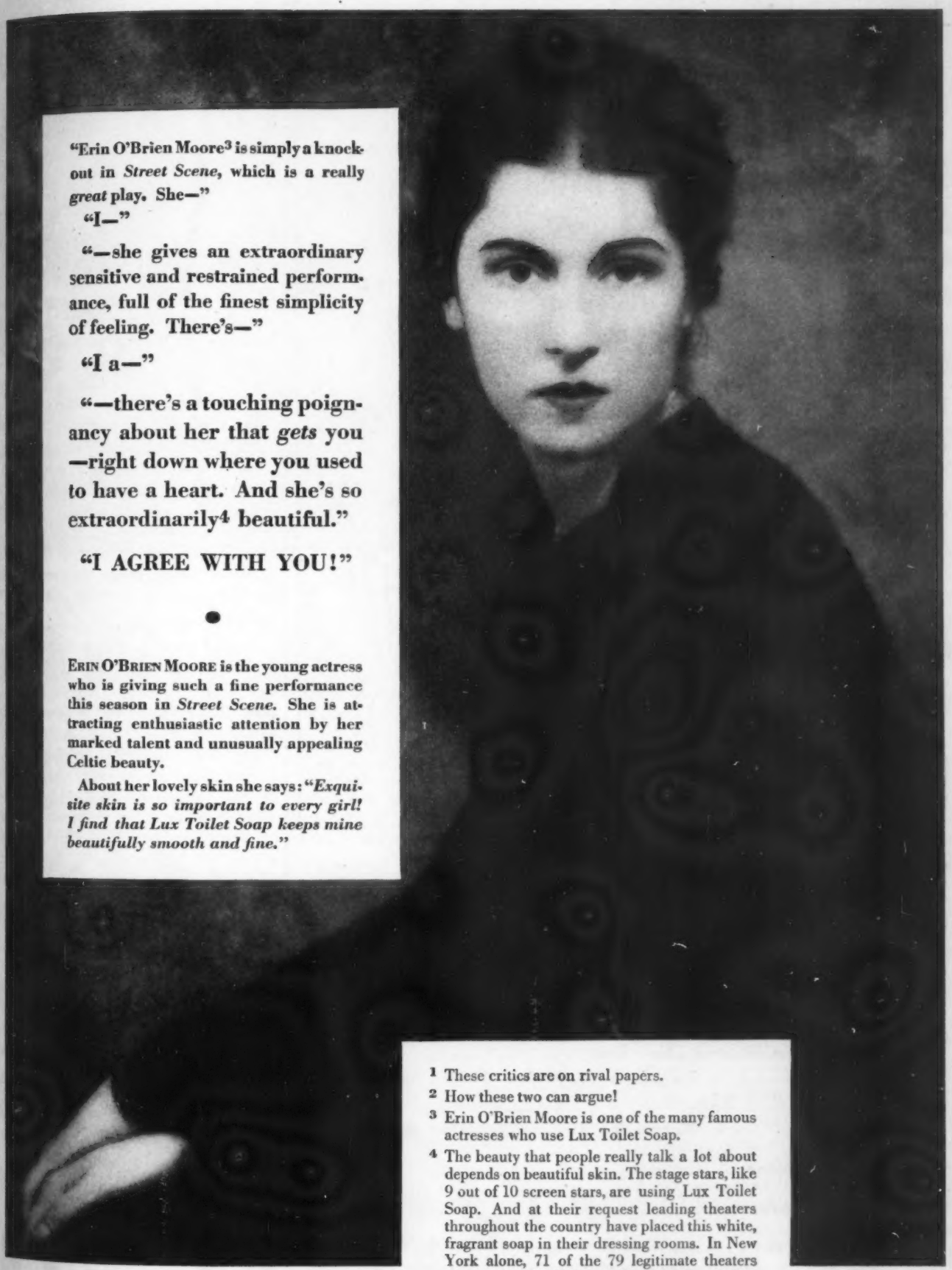
Prices, f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.

Broadway at 62nd Street

Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

two dramatic critics[1] at the Algonquin were discussing[2] Erin O'Brien Moore . . .



"Erin O'Brien Moore[3] is simply a knockout in *Street Scene*, which is a really *great* play. She—"

"I—"

"—she gives an extraordinary sensitive and restrained performance, full of the finest simplicity of feeling. There's—"

"I a—"

"—there's a touching poignancy about her that *gets* you—right down where you used to have a heart. And she's so extraordinarily[4] beautiful."

"I AGREE WITH YOU!"

●

ERIN O'BRIEN MOORE is the young actress who is giving such a fine performance this season in *Street Scene*. She is attracting enthusiastic attention by her marked talent and unusually appealing Celtic beauty.

About her lovely skin she says: "*Exquisite skin is so important to every girl! I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine beautifully smooth and fine.*"

1 These critics are on rival papers.

2 How these two can argue!

3 Erin O'Brien Moore is one of the many famous actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap.

4 The beauty that people really talk a lot about depends on beautiful skin. The stage stars, like 9 out of 10 screen stars, are using Lux Toilet Soap. And at their request leading theaters throughout the country have placed this white, fragrant soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters use it—and in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—10¢.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When arriving home in

the suburbs at 8 A. M. Tux-clad . . .

***be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.**

[THEY TASTE JUST LIKE THEY DID 20 YEARS AGO]

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at a Vionnet black and white jersey two-piece sports dress with a handkerchief-like collar and a sideways circular flare on the skirt; and at a sleeveless string tweed dress from Berthe bound in zigzag pattern with grosgrain ribbon and having a jacket with sleeves.

LORD & TAYLOR: Some very good coats by Vionnet, who makes a tuxedo front disappear into crisscross encrustations; Lelong's wearable coats with V encrustations and fur collars; Vionnet's serge with deep fur collar and intricate cuffs; Hartnell's idea of having the coat fasten on the wrong side, with a fox scarf starting on one shoulder and going straight down the back; a Heim black satin, for them as craves it; and a Chéruit homespun with an indication of a long cape effect. Louise-boulanger's printed taffeta evening dress with ciré chiffon ruffles printed to match—the foundation is tight and is princesse in line; over the shoulders or around the waist goes a cape or apron with those tremendous poufs and flounces and flares for which she is noted. Maggy Rouff's yellow chiffon dance dress with a tiny belt across the back is worth seeing, and Vionnet's boon to the older woman is a day dress of black crêpe marocain with crossing panels in the back and a casual built-in scarf.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Splendid collection of printed and plain spring ensembles. The prints used are tiny, with the pattern not obvious at ten paces, and give almost a monotone brown-tan, black-gray, etc., effect. Lingerie touches are everywhere on the dresses. Lacomte features a down-in-back waist with fullness gathered in a bow in the back of the dress, and a two-tier bolero on the plain tweed coat. Patou does one of those tightly molded dresses in black-and-white print with a handkerchief collar and black coat, and another all of a gray-black print. Lelong makes a dress in gray print with circular fullness in back only. Lanvin applies printed fabric on the elbows and revers of a plain coat. Bruyère goes incredible with a navy wool redingote fastened by two buttons high in front and having a yellow redingote dress, very severe, be-

Now FORTY *may fence* WITH SEVENTEEN

Hormone-starved cells revitalized by this great German discovery.

TO be old at forty in the eyes of men—what needless tragedy! These are the years when womanhood should be in rarest flower.

For she has lived. The gaucheries of boarding school have dropped away. Her wit is keen and broad her understanding.

Until today, forty has been the farthest bounds of youth. Time to look backward instead of ahead. Time to fold the hands and make way gracefully for the younger generation.

But now the old order has changed. The woman of forty who loves life need not go into the discard. Her complexion is no longer a calendar of her birthdays. Wrinkles and crows' feet no longer handicap. Now forty may fence successfully with seventeen.

Science outwits time by hormone revitalization

Nature begins early to tear down the beauty she has built. She works from within, but she marks her destruction for the world to see. Into the face of a woman who is yet twenty-five, time starts etching lines.

Under the skin, tissue cells are dying. Starving, by *hormone famine*.

At twenty-five, the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion dwindles. Its meagre supply fails to nourish the subcutaneous tissue cells. Gradually they die and the tissues break down. On the surface of the skin wrinkles and crows' feet appear.

Now science has found a way to outwit this destruction of beauty! Amor Skin penetrates the epidermis and feeds into the hormone-starved tissue cells the hormones of a vital species of young dasypodine animal.*

Revitalization begins! Gradually dying cells live, living cells multiply! The tissues grow stronger — firmer — younger! They taut—shove up from beneath, and *push* the wrinkles out of the skin!

FROM MEDICAL JRL. AND RECORD, FEB. 1, 1928
"I suggested Amor Skin to several persons and . . . there was such a pronounced change in the complexion and in the consistency or firmness of the skin, that it surprised mutual acquaintances, who knew nothing about the treatment . . . but spontaneously inquired about the cause of the change, although their attention had not been called to it."
Curt Thomalla, M. D., Berlin, Germany

Amor Skin marks the climax of revitalization by youth hormones

Amor Skin is the culmination of years of research on the subject of cell revitalization by hormone substances. It was perfected by a famous German specialist in organotherapy, and marks an advance in the knowledge of the endocrine glands. It is used by women of wealth and position all over Europe.

Now it is being formulated in slightly larger quantity and offered to a limited number of women in America. Many of them are already using it with startlingly apparent results.

It comes in two strengths—Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

Its use is astonishingly simple. Its success depends upon a night-by-night application.

But when you start using Amor Skin, don't look for an overnight miracle. Remember that Amor Skin has millions of dying tissue cells to bring back to life. You must give it time to perform this revitalization.

Begin your treatments at once and be faithful in your applications. In a few weeks' time the wrinkles will begin to fade, the skin to firm. Youth comes rushing back!

**Amor Skin hormones are taken from the glands of a species of vital young tortoise.*

Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

AMOR SKIN

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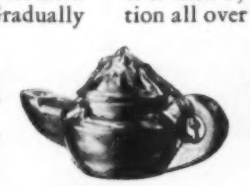


BERLIN

Grand Prix and Gold Medal, International Exposition of "Confort Moderne," Paris, 1927

Gran Premio and Medaglia d'Oro, Florence Exposition, 1927

Amorskin Corporation, N-3
205 East 42nd St., New York
I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin.
Please send your descriptive booklet to

M.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1 (SINGLE STRENGTH) $16.50..... AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2 (DOUBLE STRENGTH) $25.00

DINING *de rigueur* at the Ritz-Carlton or in your home ♦ on

WHAT epicurean treats await the guests of that fashionable New York hostelry! Under the critical eyes of Theodore Szarvas, le maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, le chef de cuisine, only the choicest viands are served. Of 40-FATHOM* fish, these noted cuisine authorities say, "As delicious and delicate a fish as we have ever served or tasted."

♦

40-FATHOM fish is caught many miles from shore, deep down in the Atlantic. Just the white fillets, cleaned of bones and waste, are shipped swiftly in iced containers to your dealer. Each 40-FATHOM fillet comes wrapped in parchment paper—the newer way to buy fish, which means no waste. As easy and quick to cook as bacon.

♦

When you ask your meat or fish market for 40-FATHOM fish, see that you get it in the wrapper shown below. For fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

♦

Messieurs Szarvas and Diat have generously consented to show the readers of *The New Yorker* how to prepare 40-FATHOM fish in the way they serve it at the Ritz-Carlton. The coupon below will bring their 40-FATHOM Recipe Booklet to you without charge.

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

N.Y. 3-16

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

neath. Lanvin's black crêpe dress, short and circular, has a short bolero all around and touches of white at the neck, on the elbow, and in the centre front.

THE TAILORED WOMAN: You can find here that famous Patou evening dress in heavy tulle that has a square neck and overlapping convex tiers starting high in front and wrapping the body to a point almost to the knee on each side. Circular fullness ripples out below this almost to the floor. It is called Lys Noir and, though it will be popular, needs the excellent and careful fitting this shop can give it. Chanel's brown and white Rodier tweed with white piqué collar and cuffs; London Trades' excellent black wool dress with the bolero lined with print like the scarf; and Lacomte's rep dress with the fullness at the knee, molded silhouette, and lingerie at the neck are all good. —L. L.

•

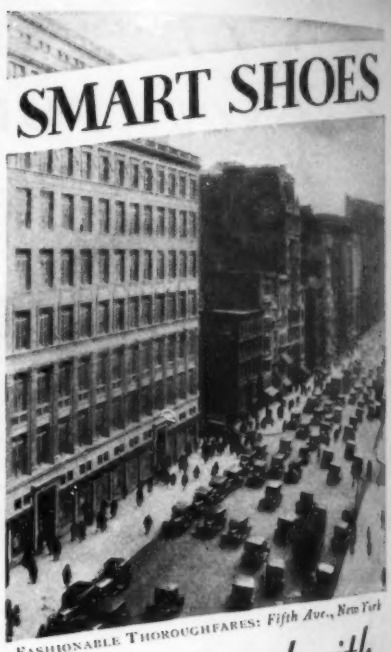
TO THE TOP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING—ILLUMINATED

Are you the peak of some Aladdin's palace,
That by a genial magic newly gleams
Above an earthbound city, or a chalice,
Reflecting light of more than mortal beams?
Far-shining maze of faerie architecture,
Sprung from miraculous, unearthly soil,
It needs no sharpened vision to suspect you're
Beyond all human toil.

No, you are not a part of any building,
But float aloft in transcendental state.
Perhaps, with all the glitter of your gilding,
You'd make a howdah for a potentate,
(You know, a sort of cupola Oriental,
That sits upon an elephant for show).
The elephant, of course, is purely mental;
It's just the gloom below.

I might have called you a gigantic hookah,
From which the Lord of all could take a puff
Of cloudy smoke, yet still another look, ah!
These similes are all not great enough!
I'll reach a climax in the mind's creation,
All fetters of my fancy I shall break!
You look to me just like the decoration
On my last birthday cake!

—SIGMUND SPAETH



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OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—IV

NORTH
♠–2
♡–A-Q-8-5
◇–K-J-9-8
♣–A-J-10-8

WEST
♠–A-K-J-9-7
♡–3-2
◇–Q-7-5
♣–K-6-3

EAST
♠–Q-5-4-3
♡–K-J-10-4
◇–A-4-2
♣–Q-9

SOUTH
♠–10-8-6
♡–9-7-6
◇–10-6-3
♣–7-5-4-2

IT is unfortunate that, with this hand, South has to play with North as his partner. North is a demon doubler—"When in doubt, double!" is his slogan—but South is notoriously uncertain about this highly important aspect of auction bridge, having only a confused and therefore worse than nonexistent notion of the difference between a negative, or informatory, double, and a positive, or business, double.

West deals and bids one spade. "Double!" snaps North, who is in his element. East has plenty of strength, not only in his partner's spades but in the other suits as well, and he bids two spades, thereby releasing South from an unwelcome obligation. As it happens, however, South is innocent of any knowledge of the obligation implied in his partner's double. His only thoughts are ones of disgust with his hand, with a mild wonder at North's temerity in doubling a single-trick bid. When reminded, South passes. West, of course, also passes, with a grateful smile to his partner as he does so.

It is up to North again, and the expected happens. True to his instincts, North doubles again, viciously and directly at his partner. He succeeds merely in heightening somewhat the astonishment South has been feeling. East still has strength for an additional raise, and he bids three

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spades. Secure in his confidence that what is taking place does not involve him to any extent whatever, South murmurs "Pass" in an abstracted tone. But North is not one to sit idly at such a time.

"What's that you said?" demands North.

"Who? Me? I pass."

"What do you mean! You pass? I doubled two spades!"

"Yes, I know you did, and I wondered at the time . . ."

"Pass!" interjects West.

"I double!" says North tensely. "I double! Do you hear, South? I double!"

"Yes? Well, what about it? I don't know what all this doubling business means."

"That's an informatory double. You've got to bid your strongest suit."

"Say, listen here, you can't talk across the board like that!" says West, slapping his cards down on the table. "What do you think this is?"

"I'm not telling him anything that any fool oughtn't to know!"

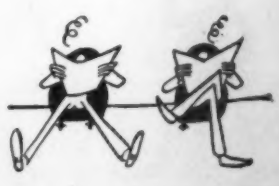
"Four spades," says East.

"I've got to bid, eh? Well, five clubs," says South, with unaccustomed meekness. "But I haven't got a thing to bid on, really."

West passes, and so does North after a few moments of thought and wondering if perhaps he hasn't carried a good thing too far. East doubles, and all pass, South at the end expressing some surprise that West had not bid up in response to East's double.

THE bidding and doubling out of the way, South is his old combative self again. "Believe me, you'd better have plenty of tickets, forcing me into a bid like that," he says to North, to the latter's increasing discomfiture.

West leads his king of spades and takes the first trick, removing North's lone card of that suit. South has begun to grow purple as soon as North spreads his hand, and his splutters eventually resolve themselves into: "What the so-and-so were you doing all that doubling about? Who did you think you could set with *that*?" It is apparent that the meaning of the



informatory double is still lost upon South. North starts to explain but West shuts him off abruptly and leads his deuce of hearts. South is all for throwing the hand—preferably at North's head—but he is finally prevailed upon to continue. South attempts a finesse, playing the queen of hearts from dummy, and still glaring at North as he does so. East takes the trick with his king, and South is off again.

A SEMBLANCE of quiet having been restored, East leads the jack of hearts. South takes his first trick with the ace from dummy, and, more in anger than in sorrow, wonders where the other ten tricks for which he contracted are to come from. Deciding to try to get out trumps, South leads the ace of clubs from the board, taking his second trick as North visibly brightens. His next lead of the jack of clubs, however, falls before East's queen, and West's king is still untouched. South is now down one trick.

East next leads his ten of hearts, which is good for the trick, West discarding a small spade. East is not quite sure what he ought to do next, but he is anxious to throw the lead, so he plays his four of spades, South taking the trick in dummy by trumping with the eight of clubs. Still anxious to clear his opponents' hands of trumps, South leads the ten from dummy, and West snares the trick with his king. Having South where he wants him, West leads his ace of spades and takes the trick, the eight of diamonds being discarded from dummy. West now leads his seven of diamonds; and South, reaching disgustedly across the table, plays the king. East covers with his ace and takes the trick. East comes back with a small diamond, and West's queen is cashed in. South now takes the remaining two tricks with his trump and high diamond, but he is set six hundred points in spite of that.

"Come here, you!" snarls South, but North departs hurriedly.

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

A new group, known as the Rosebud Division of the United Women's Wear League of America, has been organized to preserve individual styles, to promote the use of rosebuds on underwear and negligees and to create definite fashions in these trimmings. The chairman of the group is George M. Spero.—*The Times.*

George M. ("Rosebud") Spero.

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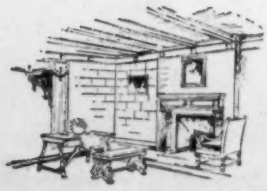

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FOR all the appeal of rivers, bridges, casual parks, alleys, and byways, there is something about a central, convenient location that is awfully compelling. Score one for 136 East Sixty-fourth Street, southwest corner of Lexington Avenue. Penthouses with fourteen-foot ceilings, and everything else on a generous scale, are worth a thought or two.

Throughout this house, the open woodburning fireplaces have mantels of charming Adam design, molded from a composition which may be painted, marbleized, or given any wood finish. The apertures for the fires have ornamented iron backs and sides, a graceful touch that compensates somewhat for the smallish size of the openings. In the penthouses, both living and dining-rooms have these fireplaces, as well as abundant but judiciously placed French window-doors. In the rest of the building, all living-rooms have fireplaces, and are of fine size, beautifully proportioned. The bedroom suites are arranged so that they may be shut off entirely; the kitchens, pantries, and service quarters are ideal. Every apartment has a living-room, two bedrooms, two baths, and a kitchen—as well as a good foyer. The smallest have, in addition, an emancipated dining-alcove, completely partitioned off from the kitchen and opening also on the foyer. The larger apartments have good, big, old-fashioned dining-rooms and a maid's room and bath. The largest flats have three bedrooms and two masters' baths. Two pairs of elevators are provided, so that each entry serves but two apartments, and there are plenty of closets, electric outlets, and windows. The light, of course, is best above the eighth floor.

Rentals from $2,700 to $5,400, penthouses $7,200 and $9,600. Hamilton, Iselin & Co., 41 East Forty-ninth Street, are the agents; possession April 1.

THE Tishman organization, whose architects are Schwartz & Gross, has put up a good building at 175 East

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Seventy-ninth Street. It includes all the features I have always admired in this company's work, but—every bedroom in the house must be reached through a living-room or a dining-room. That there has been a pardonable desire to save space is obvious; nevertheless, the result is unfortunate. This isn't a hotel or a *pied-à-terre* sort of place; it's a house people are meant to live in, as is proved by the excellent kitchens and pantries, comfortable dining-rooms, the ample baths and closets, the wood-burning fireplaces, the maids' rooms and baths, and the well-handled ventilation and lighting.

There are two sizes of apartments; the front ones with six rooms and three baths, and the rear ones with living-room (nearly square, and very pleasing), bedroom, bath, and kitchen. The light, even on the lower floors, is fine, and the rear apartments, with their big casement windows facing north, should make good studios.

Rentals from $1,700 to $4,400; to be ready in the early summer.

THERE follows a list of a few prospective coöperative houses, most of which are still forlornly unsheathed; but it is when they are in that stage of their progress that you should see about buying in them. It's easier to have your pet alterations made on paper than on plaster.

322 East Fifty-seventh Street: Seaman & Pendergast, of 18 East Fifty-third Street, will show you the plans. Should prove to be a distinguished house.

1 Gracie Square, corner East End Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street: One of my enthusiasms. Douglas L. Elliman is the agent.

40 Fifth Avenue: Another Elliman listing; has real distinction, and you would be the neighbor of Mr. Alfred E. Smith, of 51 Fifth Avenue.

720 Park Avenue, northwest corner of Seventieth Street: The Brown, Wheelock coöperative on the site of the Presbyterian Hospital. Decidedly magnificent.

784 Park Avenue: Unusual building, for while a few apartments are for sale, the majority can be rented. Small maintenance charges and great prestige. Douglas L. Elliman.

75 Central Park West: A Pease & Elliman venture that promises to be important. Good for confirmed Central Park lovers.

You can, of course, put your own broker on the trail of any of these offerings.

—Penthouse

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News for smart New Yorkers! No longer need you burden the luggage of returning friends with flasks of La Lasine, or write your Paris or Rome chemist. Constantly increasing demand of smart Americans has caused its introduction here! Just ask your druggist* for it, and he will hand you the chic new package of La Lasine.

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SPRING FOOTBALL

IMAGINE my surprise when on the morning of the football match I received from Dwm (maybe it's Twm—I never can spell those Welsh names) a pretty box containing a nosegay of onions. I couldn't think what Twm (suppose we stick to this spelling) was up to. Onions! They looked like onions. They smelled like onions. They made you weep. But all tied up with a nice ribbon and sent from Harrod's!

(At this point I must go back to early December. Twm and I are at the Empire Cinema in Leicester Square looking at a Movietone of the Harvard-Yale game. Twm keeps saying again and again: "*Pa mor anghyffredin!*" which is How Extraordinary in Welsh. Twm, by the way, is a very patriotic Welshman and refuses to use the English language. "What is extraordinary?" I ask. "That fellow down in front. He's gone mad, I think." "I see nothing at all unusual," I say coldly. "But *that one*—that very active one—what's he doing?" "That's only the cheerleader." "Cheerleader? *Rryd y ddu!* What does a cheerleader do?" "Well, *Im by cyll*"—Welsh for Peter Pan—"he leads cheers." "Leads cheers? Must you have the cheers led in America?" Then Twm lies back in his seat and gives a coarse Welsh laugh, after which he asks me if I wouldn't like to see a Rugby football match over here sometime before Easter. Football in the *spring?* The very idea repels me. But I hate hurting his feelings, so here I am on the point of going, with a nice bunch of onions to wear, I suppose, on my tweed lapel.)

WHEN Twm arrived in his Rolls two-seater he was wearing a really enormous onion on his lapel. He smiled tenderly—but at my nosegay, not at me.

"I see you got the leeks," he said.

"Leeks?"

"There—Harrod's did them up nicely, eh what?"

"Oh, you mean the onions."

Not onions, leeks. In an intensely emotional voice he said that one wore the leek for Wales. That, I thought admiringly, is patriotism. All the way out to Twickenham, where the match was to be played, I kept telling Twm all about how I didn't understand football at all but enjoyed it all the same. About all I knew when I saw it was a touchdown—and of course I did

know that there were eleven players to a side. Eleven? I meant fifteen, Twm said. Fifteen? A football fifteen?

IN the grandstands there were vast numbers of people wearing onions —that is, leeks. Some wore red ribbons. Some, like the slim punctilious gentleman on my left, wore a red rose. That, I thought admiringly, is taste. I divined that he was English—for by this time I had ascertained that the match was between the Welsh and English. Twm sat on my right.

Suddenly there was great excitement around the Royal Box. The Prince of Wales—that is, the Prince of the Welsh—had arrived, and that was the last straw in making the day perfect for the Welsh.

Then a lot of runners strolled out upon the field. I was delighted. As I said to Twm, what a really nice idea to mix in some light track events with the heavy football. Like ballet in an opera. Track events? Twm said. Those runners out there in track pants and jerseys, I said. Twm's face turned a kind of purple. Those weren't runners! Those were the football players! What? Football in muslin track pants? Impossible, I said. But that was before I understood how much like track English football really is.

SOMEBODY kicked off. Somebody else got the ball and began rolling it along the ground with his foot. All the people around about with red ribbons or roses clapped their gloved hands and said, with dignity:

"Well done, sir! An excellent dribble, that! Well done!"

Then all the other runners—I mean players—surrounded the one with the ball.

"A scrum!" said the Englishman on my left.

"A scrum!" said Twm.

The word was the same in both languages!

Then, just about the time the scrum was amounting to something the referee blew his whistle, and then I overheard the Englishman on my left saying:

"Foul, sir! Play the game, sir!"

Twm leaned across me.

"*Glyb gylb!*" he hissed, quite personally.

"How dare you, sir?" inquired the Englishman.

In the meantime all the players on the field had gathered in an informal circle, bent at their waistlines, and put their heads together. Distinctly I saw

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them telling stories to each other! Did the referee know? He soon did. He ran and put his head in too. In time the crowd urged them to continue playing, and they did, somebody making a—

"Touchdown!" I yelled.

"I beg your pardon, madam. What did you call it? A touchdown? Pardon me, madam—not a touchdown, a *try*. Well done, sir! Very well done!"

Again Twm leaned across me.

"*Pwll y aberystwyth!*" he sneered.

"Indeed, sir!"

THE game went on. I don't know—there was just something lacking. Excitement, I think, though of course cheerleaders mean nothing to me, and I don't approve of the way we need doctors present at our football games. There was a bit of excitement, though, near the end of the second half, for suddenly the crowd was still as death—a player raced panic-stricken across the field with his muslin track pants in shreds. I knew instantly that he was an English player for Twm laughed rudely.

"Don't laugh, sir!" the Englishman on my left admonished him. "It wasn't done for your amusement and I'm sure the man doesn't enjoy it, sir!"

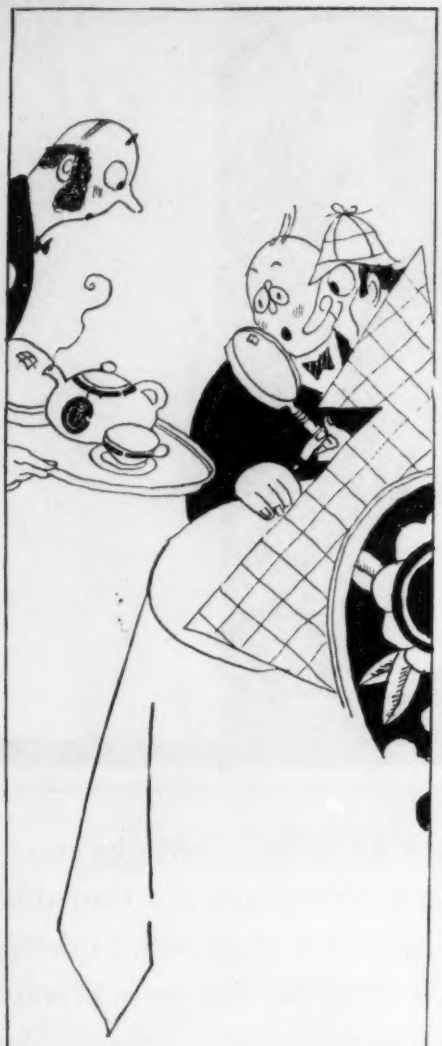
"*Bbh!*" replied Twm, in very plain Welsh.

The Englishman reached across me, seized Twm's leek, and hurled it far below. I was terrified. What would Twm do? Well, he didn't do anything, so I took off my leeks and dropped them below too. For why should I be partisan? I wasn't Welsh.

IN the meantime on the field was being enacted one of those acts of heroism that make the British renowned as true sportsmen the world over. All playing had stopped instantly for the players, to a man, had sped to form a circle around the stricken member. Someone flew like the wind with a fresh pair of the slight trousers. And in that living, breathing circle—a perfect private dressing-room—the unfortunate man changed.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the Englishman in apology for having reached across me. Then he added: "By the way, do you understand this point in the game? It's a stoppage. The playing will be resumed presently—after all one doesn't expect the man to play in torn trousers, does one?"

—FRANCES CRANE



"My dear silly old Watson, it's as obvious as the spot on your waistcoat."

"But how d'you *know* the dinner will be so enticing?"

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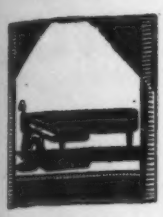

MIDWINTER has brought a succession of major musical events. A season that telescopes within a few days several concerts by Toscanini, a recital by Heifetz, and the reappearance of Chaliapin at the Metropolitan, has reached a climax.

The Toscanini miracles continue regularly whenever the Philharmonic-Symphony plays. Other conductors fluctuate. They have off evenings, and nights when they are directing better than they ought to direct, but Toscanini maintains his amazing level. His level, in fact, is so high that it tends to bewilder anyone who attempts to gauge the merits of the works that he performs. Respighi's "Roman Festivals" undoubtedly is a clever addition to the composer's previous Roman panegyrics—"The Fountains of Rome" and "The Pines of Rome." Pizzetti's "Summer Concerto" obviously is a deeply felt study in moods, scored by a craftsman. But we shall not know exactly how good—or how mediocre—these new compositions are until some everyday conductor has published them. Everyone knows that Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is bright stuff, but it cannot be as good as Toscanini makes it sound.

Can it be that all music is excellent and that it only requires Toscanini to establish that excellence? If this sounds absurd, it merely proves the futility of attempting to make a scientific exposition of Toscanini.

CHALIAPIN, as some—in fact, five thousand, eight hundred and forty-three—observers have noted, dwarfs everything else when he steps on the stage. I am not convinced that this is an unmitigated tribute to the artist. He is the ablest showman in opera and he also is every one of his seventy-eight inches an artist. Nevertheless, "Boris Godounoff" with Chaliapin is something like "Lucia" with Galli-Curci. It becomes a display piece for the virtuosity of one principal. The Metropolitan "Boris" is a thrilling spectacle, but it is a highly spiced version of the

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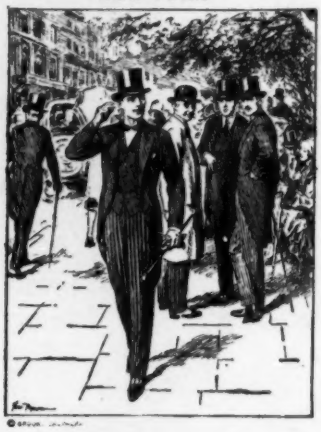

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WHEN ORDINARY CIGARETTES WON'T DO—SMOKE MELACHRINOS

opera that Moussorgsky composed. There has been a clamor for the scrapping of the Rimsky-Korsakow scoring that is used at the Metropolitan and a reversion to the original Moussorgsky, which has been hailed for its starkness, bleakness, and other uninviting qualities. This procedure might make the opera a little duller and consequently more "Russian," but what "Boris" really needs is a cast that can keep pace with Chaliapin. It needs more high spots—or fewer of them.

AS for Heifetz, he remains *sui generis*. I have discovered that a Heifetz concert should be taken like a cigarette test—blindfolded. The coldness and aloofness which have received so much critical attention are notions that arise from Heifetz' reserved platform manner. There is nothing cold or aloof in his tone, and he is capable of making even a Spohr concerto sound plausible.

EUGENE GOOSSENS, elected to conduct The Philadelphia Orchestra concert originally scheduled for his fellow countryman, Sir Thomas Beecham, proved rather more successful than most guest conductors. It was patent that the orchestra was familiar with Mr. Goossens' lively style and there was a sense of security about the performances that is not always present when a guest conductor takes over a program. Lord Berners, the chief wit among present-day English composers, was represented by a ballet excerpt, "The Triumph of Neptune," which sounded more euphonious than important—but a novelty that does not bore is a novelty!

DEEMS TAYLOR's new opera based on Elmer Rice's "Street Scene," when, as, and if issued, will be the first American opera to deal with contemporary material. Possibly Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" may be considered a reaction to American life, but it is a ballet and it functions in abstractions.

After a skirmish with several comprehensive reference books, I have been unable to find trace of any native opera, so far produced, that flourishes a libretto concerning life in the composer's own time. Henry Hadley's "Azora" is an Aztec tale; his "Bianca" is founded on Goldoni's "The Mistress of the Inn;" "Cleopatra's Night" tells its own story. It may be that Mr. Hadley has on his shelves a contemporary work. Just a tip to impresarios!

The two de Koven grand operas

heard here were "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Damrosch has contributed "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "The Scarlet Letter." (It was after the première of the latter that a cast, composed chiefly of non-English-speaking artists, solemnly presented the composer with a huge wreath in the form of the letter "A.")

Cadman's "Shanewis" has a few characters in clothes of the day, but the book is not precisely a vivid portrayal of life as Indians and whites live it. The other Cadman grand opera which has had a New York performance, "The Garden of Mystery," is gathered from "Rappacini's Daughter," by Hawthorne. Victor Herbert's "Natoma" is conventional Indian business, and the one-acter, "Madeleine," is from a French source.

The "first" American opera, "Leonora," by W. H. Fry, once music critic of the *Tribune*, was derived from "The Lady of Lyons." There was a "Rip Van Winkle" by G. F. Barstow, an industrious composer and violinist, produced in 1855, and another Irving legend popped up in "Sleepy Hollow," composed by Max Maretzek, who was not only a musician but also a manager in the middle of the past century. Harker's "Mona" involved Druids, and Converse's "Pipe of Desire" was legendary. Hugo's "The Temple Dancer" is a Hindu story which used to be linked with "Shanewis" and Breil's "The Legend," a Balkan romance.

It looks as if "Street Scene" would be the first up-to-date American grand

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opera—but I speak subjunctively, awaiting the revelations of better scholars.

THE recitalists continue merrily if not eventfully, but a new 'cellist, Antoni Sala, made an excellent début, and is commended for your consideration, especially if you like 'cello-playing that has no rasp in it. The Musical Art Quartet has given five concerts, succeeding every time in demonstrating that chamber music is not necessarily of interest only to the performers. Nikolai Orloff is back—which will be good news to those who like piano-playing which is not a battle between the artist and his instrument; and my scouts tell me that Fay Marbe's Sunday-night entertainment at the Booth Theatre was Something. —R. A. S.

PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

Some Old Reliables and Two Deserters—Dances

THERE is much excellent piano music available in this month's offering from the manufacturers of player-piano rolls. Two pianists who have not been heard here this season—Wilhelm Bachaus and Leonid Kreutzer—put in an appearance by way of their recordings, and such eminences as Lhévinne, Ganz, Rosenthal, and Grainger also contribute to the lists.

By companies, alphabetically, the selections for the month are:

AMPICO

GONDOLIERA (Years of Pilgrimage, 2nd Year)—Liszt. Played by Josef Lhévinne. A not over-familiar work of Liszt, beautifully expounded.

ORIENTALE—Albeniz. Played by Moriz Rosenthal. Rosenthal is not an Albeniz specialist, but he has a flair for this composer's works. A fine recording.

DUO-ART

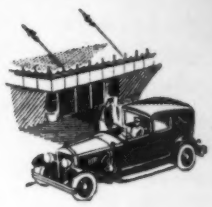
MALAGUENA—Moszkowski. Played by Rudolph Ganz. A brilliant Spanish exercise, done with immense gusto.

PRELUDE, "DIE MEISTERSINGER"—Wagner-Hutcheson. Played by Wilhelm Bachaus. A finely made transcription of a difficult work to reduce for the piano, and played by a master.

RAMBLE OF LOVE DUET FROM "ROSENKAVALIER"—Strauss-Grainger. Played by Percy Grainger. A highly interesting free fantasy on one of the best melodies from "Rosenkavalier." Grainger, the pianist, does well by Grainger, the arranger.

WELTE-MIGNON

CARNAVAL (Part 3)—Schumann. Played by Leonid Kreutzer. More of the Carnaval, by Mr. Kreutzer, whose two preced-



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ing recordings from the same work were notable features of other lists.

CAPRICE VIENNOIS—Kreisler. Played by Harry Perrella. A charming performance of the famous violin solo in an unfamiliar setting.

EN CUBA—Played by Don Alfonso Zelaya. An amusing little air of sentimental cast, done with genuine Latin enthusiasm.

—R. A. S.

New Dance Rolls

THIS month's lists are uniformly good, and the choices are purely personal preferences. By the way, the return of Vee Lawnhurst is welcome news.

AMPICO

ME AND THE MAN IN THE MOON. Played by Victor Lane.

FASHIONETTE. Played by Vincent Lopez, assisted.

MY INSPIRATION IS YOU. Played by Adam Carroll.

DE LUXE (Welte)

THE TOYMAKER'S DREAM. Played by Howard Lutter.

I'D RATHER BE BLUE OVER YOU. Played by Vee Lawnhurst.

I'LL NEVER ASK FOR MORE. Played by Jack Wehrlen.

DUO-ART

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT. Played by Thompson Kerr.

CAROLINA MOON. Played by Muriel Pollock.

MAKIN' WHOOPEE. Played by Frank Milne.

—POP

•

MOMENT IN A DARK ROOM

The fire is dead,
What is the use of kicking the embers?
Why should I wait?

"It's dying," I said
To myself . . . And coldly myself remembers
The dubious breath blown late
On the piteous spark
I found deep down in the ashes.

However I turn
It is gone, leaving no mark
On the dusk, no flashes;
There's nothing to burn.

"This release
From the burning that bubbled
So hot in my heart, is welcome!" I said.
Here is my peace,
Sombre and cool and untroubled—
The fire is dead. . . .

—PATIENCE EDEN

•

"I was too young when I was born to remember what happened," Aimee replied to further questions.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

One Worth Listening to and a Few to Look at

OF all the movie adaptations of plays, "The Letter" is the most successful that we happen to have seen. Its story has a mature idea, not generally a characteristic of film plots, and there is a high degree of interesting subtlety to Jeanne Eagels' acting which is a pleasure to follow. Also, we suggest that you arrive in time to see a short preliminary sketch, with James Gleason, which is one of the really funny contributions of the season.

It would appear to be a small triumph for the movies that an idea which made only a moderately effective short story, and was more or less a flop as a play, should now become a definitely worthwhile film. You probably already know just what "The Letter" is about. It is really a study of a woman who can lie, and lie awfully well—a woman of intense fundamental passion who for the most part keeps herself so well under control that she can fool almost everybody. In the story, you know, she is tried for murder and, just when she sees honorable acquittal ahead of her, is told of the existence of a fatally incriminating letter. The real tour de force of Miss Eagels' acting is the success with which she somehow manages to give the impression of lying without making it seem improbable that anyone was deceived. Not that she succeeds only in the moments when Mrs. Crosbie is cool-headed and composed. There are two scenes in which the inner savage force of the woman is shown, and those scenes are not excelled in intensity by any that we recall.

Miss Eagels' voice is distinguished, a tremendous relief after the average movie voice. Indeed, in this film we have no objection to make to the sound features, though we do think that the photography was below par.

WITHOUT undue optimism the relatives and favorite charities of Lupe Velez can be cheerful. It seems likely that this little person is destined

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to have something of a career. She is now to be seen—and heard—at the Rialto in "Lady of the Pavements," a romantic drama of the Paris of 1868—which means charming crinolines and curtsies and diplomats, emperors dodging behind curtains, and so on. The Señorita Lupe is an active little lady, playing a cabaret singer who falls in love with a Prussian count, and though the story is a hack and ancient and rather silly thing, she sings now and again, and her singing has its charms.

AS is the way with detective stories, "The Canary Murder Case," Mr. Van Dine's second and best mystery, will lose half its interest to many people because they already know its solution. If you missed the book and still like mysteries you are in luck, for the movie presents the story well. Moreover, the powers that be have not allowed Philo Vance to refer so often and so specifically and in such an elaborate manner to his cultural background. In the film he breaks loose only once or twice, which is a blessing. William Powell plays the euphuistic Philo, and at the same time seems to be playing Adolphe Menjou.

THE other pictures about town are not world-beaters. For some reason beyond our comprehension the producers have seen fit to bring out little three-year-old Davey Lee, of "The Singing Fool," in as vulgar and cheap a bedroom farce as it has been our weird fate to see for some time. In "Sonny Boy" he sings in a tiny treble and says, "Now I lay me, etc.," but most of the film is occupied with the doings of divorcées and very upper-Broadway carryings-on. Not for the nursery public, we warn you.

"Speakeasy" ends with a young lady climbing through the ropes at the Garden to declare her love for the champion middleweight before the whole public of fight fans. It is an underworld picture, with this sob-sister getting her interviews and working for the noblest ideals at one and the same time, and it is generally a lamentable object. "The Younger Generation," from a story by Fannie Hurst, is about a Delancey Street family that is dragged by an ambitious son to the miserable iciness of Fifth Avenue. It is not very engrossing.

The little theatres are going through a negative phase at the moment.

Thinking it all over, we return to our original idea that you can be grateful at having "The Letter" for your weekly outing. —J. C. M.

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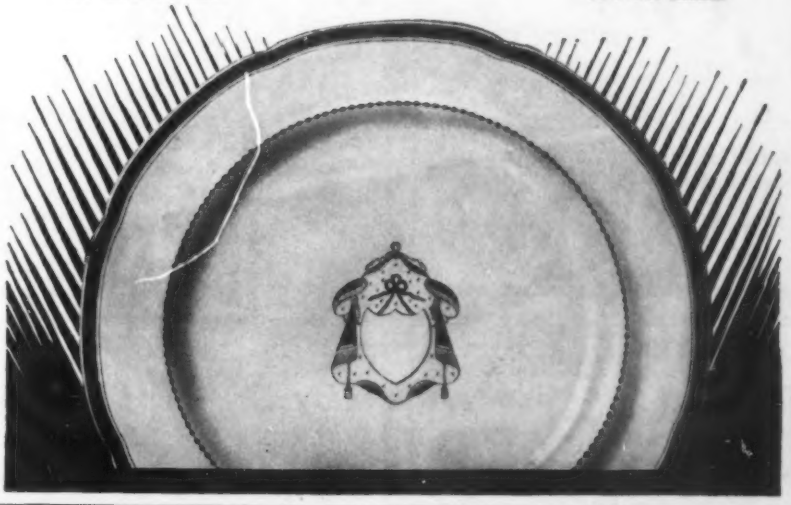

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WILL ROGERS DOROTHY STONE *in that Rousing Musical Smash*

3 CHEERS

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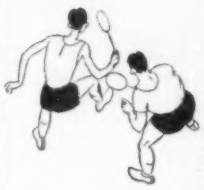
LEXINGTON
NEWS
Mar. 16, 17, 18: RAMON NOVARRO in "Flying Fleet"; Mar. 19, 20: EMIL JANNINGS in "Sins of the Fathers"; Mar. 21, 22: "TIDE OF EMPIRE", and 3 sound acts; Mar. 23, 24, 25: Georgie Jessell in "Lucky Boy".
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

COURT GAMES

Slow Balls Can Be Hard —Defaults and Accidents



ALTHOUGH there have been repeated denials that the official squash-tennis ball has been changed in any way, it is unquestionably less lively this season than it has ever been before, as any number of players will tell you. For years Fillmore Hyde agitated for a slower ball, and I have no doubt one of the reasons he gave up tournament play was that he thought the game had degenerated into a mere slugging contest.

So it is a thoroughly ironical coincidence that the year he is not playing in the championship should bring into use the very type of ball he had pled for in vain and for so long.

THE loss of Hyde to tournament play has left the field almost entirely in the hands of men who are inclined to depend on speed. With the exception of Dr. Mixsell, of Princeton, all the strongest competitors in the National amateur squash-tennis championship have been hard hitters. With them it is the pace, and not the change of pace, that tells.

Rowland Haines, the defending champion and the most destructive smasher of them all, knows how to switch to an occasional soft shot between wallops, but his use of the slow ball is comparatively rare. You had to see Hyde on the court to appreciate the artistry and skill with which squash can be played. His was the type of game that might have kept squash tennis in the ascendancy in New York. As it is, squash racquets has been making greater strides, and its followers will tell you the reason is that squash tennis is too fast a game and has too much slugging in it.

The battle, though, has not been lost. Since he changed his style, Mixsell is playing so beautiful a game that it would surprise me very much indeed if a number of the smashing players, particularly those who are getting on in years, do not finally reform.

ANYONE who saw Mixsell toy with E. G. McLaughlin in the championship during the past week is bound

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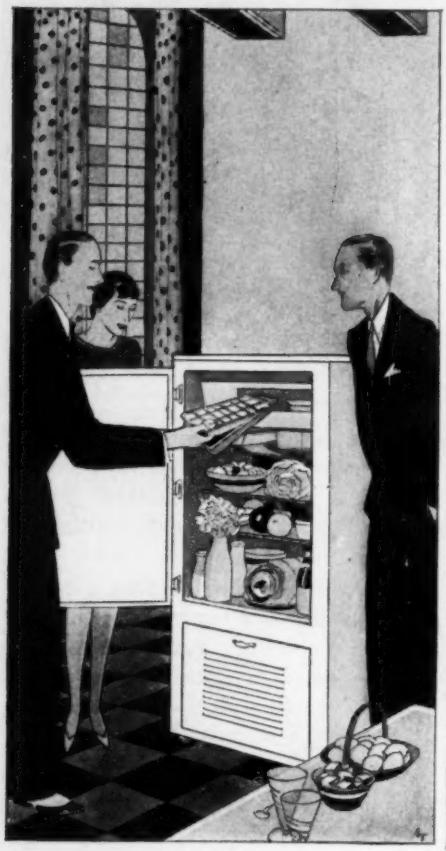

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to have been impressed with the charm of the soft-ball game.

Not in years have I enjoyed watching a match in any of the court games as much as I did that one. Mixsell completely squelched his hard-hitting young opponent, one of the best at the Columbia Club, with an ease and skill that made the play almost funny. The only person who didn't enjoy it was McLaughlin, who was killing himself trying to get to Mixsell's gently stroked ball, only to have it die on him every time. When the match was over Mixsell was fresh enough to have played another round, and I daresay that he will still be listed among the best players for another five years. He plays with his head, and not with his muscles.

WHILE the Columbia Club's facilities for staging the National championship were not, perhaps, quite as good as the Yale Club's, they were fully adequate. The two championship courts have been improved in the past few years, so there are no longer any complaints that the ball fails to come off the side wall properly. The locker-room and lounge were recently renovated, and dressing-stalls were put in. It is now one of the most attractive squash rendezvous in town.

The only jarring note to the championships was the large number of defaults registered in the first round. Apparently some players have a habit of entering a tournament and then scratching their names. It is particularly irritating when there are so many defaults in a National championship, but I don't know what can be done about it unless the National Squash Tennis Association adopts the custom the United States Lawn Tennis Association has of rejecting the entries of players who habitually default.

TWO recent accidents threaten to take from squash tennis two of its best-known figures. Charles N. Edge, of the Fraternity Club, the angel behind the Shelton Club's professional exhibitions, and a man who has practically lived in the squash courts since he first started under Walter Kinsella, was injured while in a game and may have to give up tournament play.

The other accident occurred last week when Johnny Jacobs, the Harvard Club's brilliant young coach, threw his knee out badly while playing with Jimmy Reid at the Crescent A. C. It will be some time before he can hope to take up play again. —A. D.

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THE ART GALLERIES

More Art than You Can Shake Words at

NOW and then you see an exhibit of paintings that makes you want to paint. We felt that way upon walking into the Wildenstein Galleries for the show of Pierre Laprade; we suppose because everything was an echo of the things we like. Often, when we come upon painters who derive too easily and too well, we are a bit peeved. Laprade, however, makes you feel that he has the right to do as he has. There are traces of everybody, from Rousseau down to Matisse, yet you feel that there has been no cheating, no attempt at covering the sources. This is one of the gayest, happiest shows we have ever seen; you feel as if Monet were sponsoring the exhibit. Before, however, you dismiss Laprade as one content to be influenced by his friends, look long at the "Persan-Beaumont" and the "Fleurs et Mûres," both fine, individual paintings. If you like rich paintings and sentiment, don't miss this show, the first he has had here.

HAVING been scolded for forgetting that El Greco, Giotto, and several others of the great were members of the Unhappiness Boys, we are wary about Mr. Neumann's latest show, which closes March 16, at his New Art Circle. Benjamin Kopman, perhaps, is not so unhappy as the other favorites of this gallery, but he is plenty savage. He sees men as bears and women as "boomlas," and life is pretty much a tortured mess. Mr. Kopman, though, can paint, and with his limited vision does very well. Not that we would want everyone to paint alike, but we imagine that only the specialists, and those a century ahead of the contemporary standards, will see his intent. One of the landscapes we thought superb, and there were many bits of composition that have great merit.

"TO be painted by Bob Chanler is a career and a social experience," writes Carl Van Vechten in his foreword to the Chanler catalogue. Unfortunately it is an experience limited

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Winkelman

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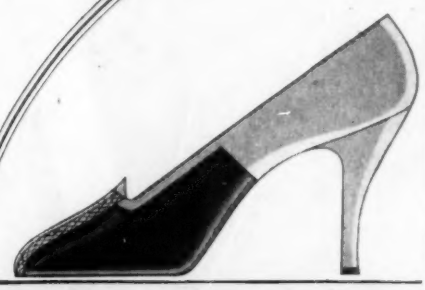

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to but a few, for the social master's guests are choice and of long standing. It is, however, almost an experience to see a show of Chanler portraits, and that career is open to any who may wish to visit his exhibit at the Valentine Gallery.

To judge the painter fairly you should recognize the conditions of this particular age. It was Hunt, one of the early Americans, who moaned that had he lived in any other country he might have been a painter. Chanler early decided that he would be a painter despite America. He has succeeded at some cost and against great odds. To us, he has brought more life and vitality to several portraits than the whole roster of a century of the Academy, plus all the portrait-painters ever knighted in England. These fifteen-minute shorthand notes catch the basic character of the sitter, recording it as truly as any psychiatrist would. Some of the portraits, such as those of Max Ewing, Georges Barrere, and Edgar Varese, are marvellous accomplishments in design. In others, as in the Avery Hopwood, Carl Van Vechten, and Bibi Dudensing pictures, he is more intent on character.

We imagine he must shock a good many people. If that is the case, his is a good influence. Here is painting which, if not Olympian, is at least not stuffy, and it is as contemporary as today's tabloid. Chanler's work is a healthy output in an over-patterned art world.

AT the Bourgeois Galleries there is still a day in which to see the beautiful sculpture of Numa Patlagean. We believe it is the first time that this artist's work has come this way. We found it stimulating and often very beautiful, rare qualities these days. The wood pieces are exceptionally exciting, having the true heritage of the classical with a modern interpretation. If you like sculpture, you will regret missing Patlagean.

WE regret that some mention of the New York Society of Women Artists did not appear before its show had passed on from the Anderson Galleries. It was the best that these pioneers have brought together, and the works of Molly Luce, Dorothy Brett, Lucy L'Engle, Ethel Paddock, and one picture by Doris Rosenthal, deserve mention.

VIEWED by his friends and family as a new Rubens, André Favory

has come from among the younger set in France to awe the customers of Arnold Seligmann, Rey & Company. We wouldn't know whether he is a new Rubens, but we did find the young man a very lusty clean painter of the Derain school. It is much too early in his career to award him all the laurels, but in the meantime he happens to paint in the school that we have always felt is the one true one—plenty of pigment splashed around for a happy effect. The "Landscape in Provence" and the "Landscape in South" we thought a fine rendering of the Derain sort of thing. As for his nudes, we felt them much too patterned and of a sameness.

WHEN we say that Mr. Leon Gordon is the spiritual heir to Sargent you must know what we think of Sargent. Mr. Gordon has a show at the Newhouse Galleries, a pleasant new emporium of art and whatnots. He has a flair for interviews in which he expounds his credo that the man who glorifies a cigarette or a can of soup is just as fine an artist as the ancient who was ordered by some pope to glorify a saint. As to his painting, Mr. Gordon knows his magazine covers better than his composition.

AT THE OTHER GALLERIES: Remember the Independents are holding their annual exhibit on the Waldorf Roof. . . . The Marchioness of Queensberry shows her work at the F. Kleinberger Galleries until March 23. . . . Water colors by Sarka, of Tahiti, are at the Julius Hass Gallery until March 18. . . . Duncan Ferguson shows his sculpture at the Downtown Gallery. . . . Bryson Burroughs is exhibiting his new paintings at the Montross Gallery. . . . Joseph Pennell's etchings can be seen at Harlow, McDonald. . . . The American Society of Landscape Architects has a show at the Arden Gallery. . . . Water colors by several men are on view until March 18 at the Morton Galleries. . . . Adriaan Lubbers is at Kraushaar's. . . . Coleman has a show at Ferargil's. . . . Paintings by Nan Watson and A. E. Cederquist are on view at the Whitney Studio Galleries. —M. P.

•

The proposal to move the compressed University of Pennsylvania out to Valley Forge, cutting loose from its slowly acquired holdings, must set Yale to thinking.—*Boston Herald.*

Isn't that putting it a little strong?

Go on~*and give 'em something!*

IT may come upon you suddenly, or it may just keep creeping up—that unaccountable desire to give something away. Nor does it have to collide with wedding dates, Christmas, or birthdays. It may come along any old time.

It has been known to happen after house-parties, when some not-so-bright but awfully nice hostess has admitted that she doesn't read THE NEW YORKER. Its occurrences have been noted at such varied times and places as a yachting trip to Nantucket, Mass., when the girl friend said she didn't read "On and Off the Avenue"; and in the throne-room of the palace at Jahore, India, what time Uncle Ned made the unexpected remark that he would swap all the wealth of the Indies for half an hour at Pierre's.

Our research department, after a thorough-going investigation of more than 6,956 possible gifts for such occasions, reports that a subscription to THE NEW YORKER most strictly conforms to the regulations and standards of the Bureau of Incidental Presentations, and in conformance with its recommendation, we have devised the following compact method for instant response to such altruistic urgings as may come upon you.

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DEFEAT

OF all the bright young people, Perry and I were the brightest. We've lived in New York for twelve years. We began our married life in the Village. We wrote our own ceremony. I kept my own name. He had his basement and I had my attic. We breakfasted together on alternate Tuesdays. That stopped being new; Perry began to get better parts and my pictures sold. We moved to Sutton Place.

We've assisted at the birth of every important wisecrack for seven seasons. As early as 1917 we knew Charles Chaplin as the tragic symbol of man confronting the universe. We went to Paris when a franc was a franc and French was spoken fluently by a number of the inhabitants. Not for us the Folies-Bergères, but the Brothers Fratellini. We read Ambrose Bierce, and Samuel Butler meant a lot to us even before Gene Tunney took him up.

We've redecorated the little nest in Sutton Place every six months. The drawing-room once had black linoleum and one early Matisse. Then we made the room Victorian. I think I can say that ours were the first wax flowers and horsehair parlor-suite in New York. Lately it's been early Rutherford B. Hayes, and all our friends thought it was too amusing.

We played charades. We invented information tests. We were the first croquet enthusiasts among the playboys and girls of the Forties. When Clay and Jane Knox had a lotto party, we smiled. The Marx Brothers had won the parchesi tournament at our house three weeks before. Our first

treasure hunt began at Madison Square Garden and ended in the crypt of St. Thomas'.

THEN something happened which has made us change our whole style of living. We're going folksie. We're moving to the suburbs. We're going to have overstuffed furniture, Maxfield Parrish prints, and a statuette of the Good Fairy. I'm going to keep ferns. Perry is buying sets of Sabatini and A. S. M. Hutchinson. I'm joining the Musical Art and the Woman's Club, and I'm going to wear bungalow aprons and weigh a hundred and forty. The thing started when Pat O'Keefe installed a harmonium in his living-room and had everyone sing hymns. Perry and I felt then that we were slipping. Next jacks came in before we realized it, and neither of us could get above onesies. But it was only yesterday that we knew we couldn't keep up any more. It's so ridiculously simple. We would have been the first to do it in the old days. But we're tired. We've lost out. Jemmy Bruce turned up at three speakeasies and four private parties, like a Medici afraid of being poisoned, with a liquor-taster.

—MARY C. MCCALL, JR.

•

THERE SHOULD BE MUSIC

There should be music here—
  The quickened sweep
Of what is known and dear,
  Of what is hard to keep—

Lamplight and fire,
  The noisy clock,
Selfless desire
  And the heart's still knock—

The heart's loud beat
  And the word unspoken;
Silence—sweet—
  And unbroken.

A page stiff-turning;
  A step on snow;
A log's slow burning;
  I know—I know. . .

There should be music here!

—ELSPETH

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Times Book Review*]

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES—In a *pavillion d'amour* in the walled garden of a house of mystery, guarded by ferocious blood-hounds, was a perfume-laden boudoir luxuriously furnished in white, rose, and gold; with roses everywhere.

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GOLF BALL THAN
A DUNLOP?

THE IMPORTED "BLACK"
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BATHTUB, BATHTUB, WHO'S GOT THE BATHTUB?

4bis, Rue Diderot,
St. Germain-en-Laye

To the Editors of The New Yorker,
Dear Sirs:

As a lifelong collector of facts about bathtubs, and Marat's in particular—has Mr. Ringling's specimen, which you describe in your issue of February 9, a sort of copper footstool in the bottom? Has it horizontal incrustations around it from the sulphurous drugs Marat habitually dissolved in his bath, to treat his nasty skin-disease? And has it faded traces of bloodstains? Because the Marat's bath they have in the Musée Grévin at Paris has all these. (Under the copper stool arrangement was a heater.) The Paris specimen is also copper and boot-shaped. Its history (if it doesn't bore you) is given in Lenôtre's "Paris Révolutionnaire" thus: After the sale of Marat's household belongings, following the stabbing, the bath seems to have gone back to the ironmonger in the neighbourhood from whom Marat either bought or rented it. After that its story goes:

1805 (about): A certain M. Capriol de Saint-Hilaire, *général de brigade*, sees the bath in an old-iron and rubbish store in the Rue d'Argenteuil and buys it.

1862: M. de Saint-Hilaire's daughter, dying, bequeaths it to a friend, the Abbé Rio, who gives it to the parish priest of Sarzeau (Morbihan), in the depths of Brittany, who keeps it in an outhouse for years.

1885 (July): The Paris *Figaro* publishes an article relating the above facts.

After this the good priest of Sarzeau hoped to sell his relic to some rich English or American collector and to rebuild his parish schools with the proceeds, but nobody made a good offer, and eventually the Musée Grévin people bought it from him for three thou-

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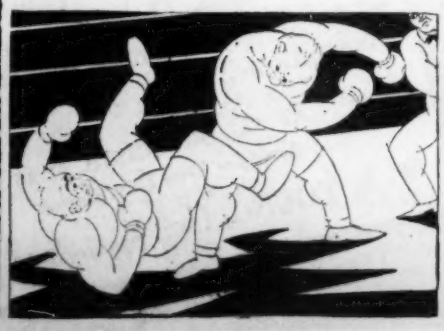

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sand francs. It is now in that museum with a realistic waxwork reconstruction of the murder—a trifle inaccurate, since the wax Charlotte stands by the bath after the stabbing while Marat's housekeeper and others rush in at the door, whereas actually the high-spirited and praiseworthy girl had time to leave the bath-cabinet and pass through the dining-room to an anteroom before they stopped her.

I forgot to add that the Paris bath has, or had, two small supports for a kind of writing-slope. Marat was correcting proofs of the *Ami du Peuple* when Charlotte got him. The blood-stained proofs are in the Carnavalet Museum. The horizontal drug-stains are clearly visible, but the bloodstains (on the bath) are practically faded away.

SO where, do you think, does Mr. Ringling's bath come in? Lenôtre is a strictly reliable historian, and I dig these facts from his edition of 1926. Further, the bath is there today in the Musée Grévin.

Perhaps you do not share my simple enthusiasms in this matter of romantic bathtubs? There are other fine specimens I have lost track of for the moment—the baths in which, a year or two after the Great War, a London gentleman, Mr. George Smith, drowned four or five brides, playing hymns on a harmonium to drown their gurgles. No doubt these tubs will be forged in due course, as happens to all the best pieces. However,

Yours for more zest in the daily round,

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

•

INVENTORY

Oh, I am very fortunate—
I've friends and foes to love and hate,
I've books to read, a place to sleep,
And pans to scrub, and floors to sweep.
There's wind among the trees at night,
And warmth and wine and candlelight
And hats and huckleberry pie
And other fine young men—so why
My peace of mind should still depend
On you, I cannot comprehend.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

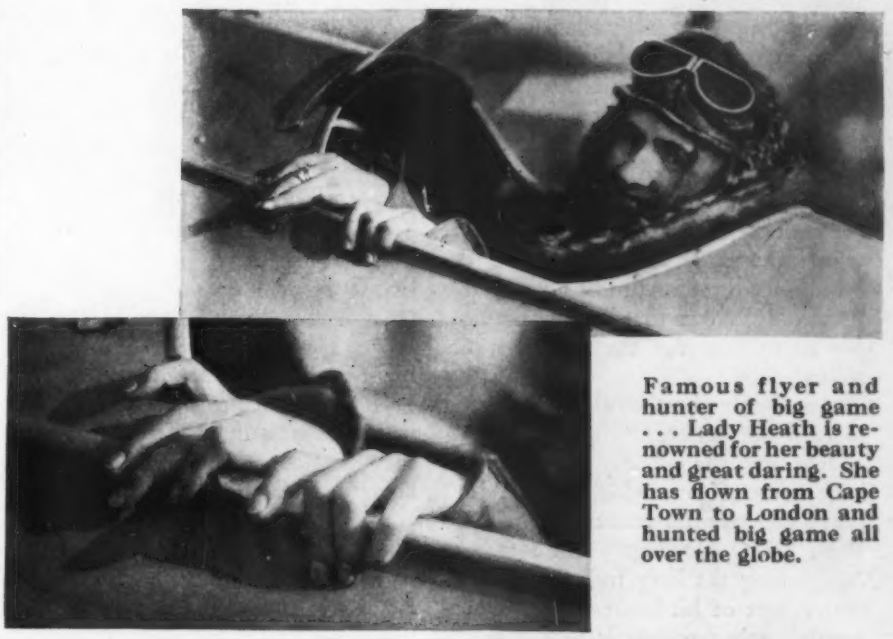
KNOXVILLE, TENN. (U. P.)—An operation to remove a seven inch appendage from the lower end of a baby's spine will be performed here this week. The baby, otherwise normal, is only a few days old. X-rays show that there are no bones in the appendage.—*The Telegram.*

For the honor of Tennessee.

"*Flatters with its dashing gleam . .*"

says LADY HEATH

England's Foremost Woman Aviator



Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring. She has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

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Lady Heath, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

As Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth plane, we asked her whether she did not find it difficult to care for her hands.

And Lady Heath said to us, "I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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Northam Warren, Dept. 9Y3
114 West 17th Street, New York.

_____

_____

READING AND WRITING

And Again, Mr. Sinclair Lewis

THE industry of Mr. Sinclair Lewis is a thing to marvel at, to ponder of a white night, and, if such is your way, to hoist high as an example. To my own admittedly slanted vision, industry ranks with such sour and spinster virtues as thrift, punctuality, level-headedness, and caution. I think that Aldous Huxley utters the loud truth when he says, in "Point Counter Point," that industry can never substitute for talent. There exists, especially in the American mind, a sort of proud confusion between the two. A list of our authors who have made themselves most beloved and, therefore, most comfortable financially, shows that it is our national joy to mistake for the first-rate, the fecund rate.

Ah, I thought that that was going to turn out better. Oh, dear . . .

Anyhow, the industry of Mr. Lewis is not short of marvelous. There are times, such as after reading "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" and after accomplishing the long trek through the major part of his latest book, "Dodsworth," when one feels that it might be set to higher purposes; properly hitched up, say, it might supply heat, light, and power to the whole Middle West. It is an almost terrifying force. Think what the man—the man who had behind him such stupendous feats of labor as "Main Street" and "Arrowsmith" and "Elmer Gantry"—has done in this last year. There was "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," like it or not, there were countless pieces for the weeklies and for the Sunday magazine sections of the newspapers, there was the aching grind of all that posing for all those rotogravure pictures of the honeymoon trip through rural England in the caravan, and now there is a new novel of three hundred and seventy-seven closely printed pages. Three hundred and seventy-seven pages. And I, after the creative labors involved in composing a telegram to the effect that I won't be able to come to dinner Thursday on account of a severe cold, have to go and lie down for the rest of the day.

IT is difficult for me to pass upon "Dodsworth." I find myself in the unenviable position of the early crocus. As I toss and turn at my typewriter—I shouldn't have drunk that coffee—no reviews of the novel have yet appeared. And how am I to know, until I have read the Book Supplement of the New York Sunday *Times*, whether or not this is a truly important work? I can not, with the slightest sureness, tell you if it will sweep the country, like "Main Street," or bring forth yards of printed praise, as did "Elmer Gantry." My guess would be that it will not. Other guesses which I have made in the past half-year have been that Al Smith would carry New York state, that St. John Ervine would be a great dramatic critic for an American newspaper, and that I would have more than twenty-six dollars in the bank on March first. So you see my confidence in my judgement is scarcely what it used to be.

The book concerns Samuel Dodsworth, inhabitant of Zenith, maker of the Revelation automobile, and millionaire. But he is not a Babbitt, his author points out in just those words. (Now why is it that one experiences slight squirms of discomfort when Mr. Lewis, as he does several times in "Dodsworth," uses "Babbitt" as a descriptive term? It is his own word, Heaven knows; he has seen it firmly fastened to the language, has heard it applied, perhaps a bit too easily, a million times. It is undeniable that no one has a better right to use it than has he. And yet, somehow, one's deeper respect must always go to the writer — or the grocer or the friend or the stock-broker or the tragedian—who stops just this side of doing those things that no one has a better right to do.)

Well, at any rate, Dodsworth is fifty or so, to his wife's forty-one; their two children are grown up, and no longer in need of them. So he gives up business, and he and his wife embark on a prolonged holiday abroad, to relax, to broaden, and to absorb. Surely, if Mr. Lewis in outlining his plot to some friend, had only said, "Stop me if you've heard this," more than two hundred pages of "Dodsworth" need never have been written.

THE greater part of the book seems to me dull with a long and wide and thick heaviness. Mr. Lewis has been a veritable sailor in his prodigality of words. He has given all his characters far too rich a gift of utterance. For weeks, it seems, they argue the relative merits of the old world and the new; no one ever falters, no one ever searches for a phrase, no one, God help us all, ever stops. When Mr. Lewis's ideas—for you feel, too surely, that they are Mr. Lewis's own, and not those of his characters—are not set down in the form of debates, they are given as long mental monologues of Dodsworth's. Dodsworth's thoughts come with a curious neatness, an admirable roundness of style; he broods in such apt sentences as "travel consists in perpetually finding new things that you have to do if you're going to be respectable." It is obvious that Mr. Lewis likes his main figure, and expects his reader to sympathize with the man's seekings and bafflements. But it is difficult to give tenderness to one who muses in epigrams.

And then, after all those pages and pages and pages, Dodsworth and those near to him seem to come sharply and suddenly alive. Mr. Lewis spares his words, and spends his emotions. Dodsworth's wife leaves him for a young

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With an introduction by
FRANK CROWNINSHIELD

IN these very short stories, perfect examples of "the art of the goldsmith rather than that of the decorator". . . a single moment is presented; a moment seeming at first trivial and without meaning, but wrought suddenly to disclose the most tragic, or comic depths. Including stories by: *Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Burke, Jim Tully, Arthur Schnitzler, Paul Morand, Ferenc Molnar.* $2.50

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(Apologies to Simon & Schuster)

A member of the stock exchange was found in his bath tub reading*

In the Reign of Rothstein
by Donald Henderson Clarke

"All front page stuff and good melodrama."
—*The New Yorker.*

$2.50 at Bookstores

**Name furnished on request*

Macy-Masius
THE VANGUARD PRESS

German nobleman; the husband's dull agony and wild bewilderment, his poor, clumsy tries at finding an anodyne in little lively ladies make a line of gripping, deep-drawn pictures. At last there is the Other Woman—the one who can give him calm and sweetness and companionship; and then there is the inevitable return of the pretentious she-dog of a wife. He goes back with her to their hopeless quarrelling, but he is a stronger man for having known beauty, and the book ends with his return to the woman who gave it to him—ends on a phrase bitter, and troubling, and cruelly deep in its knowledge.

SO there you are, or, rather, there I am, in regard to "Dodsworth." May Heaven help you, as it assisted me, through the travelogues, the debates, and the grotesquely over-drawn figures that clutter it—Mr. Lewis, who never was one to lay himself open to charges of subtilty, here frequently runs over into the realm of comic valentines. But there is that last part, to make up for the rest. You really can't know, until you have managed the first two-thirds, how high that goes in praise. —CONSTANT READER

MORE BOOKS

WE read "The Cradle of the Deep" in one sitting and came to its end with sharp resentment. We wanted more. Joan Lowell embarked on her father's copra-trading schooner, Minnie A. Caine, at the age of eleven months, and she was one of its crew for seventeen years. At the age of two she could walk with the help of the rail of the poop deck and could (and did) say "God-damned wind." She could swear four minutes on end without repeating. Her infant ambitions were to spit as far as any Swede could, to get as much food, if not more than anyone on board, and to hand, reef, and steer. Later her desires turned to physical adornment and were concentrated on spectacular tattooing and growing hair on her chest.

This is a gorgeous book, hearty and briny. There is no use in trying to pick out separate episodes to be enthusiastic about. Such a selection would involve reprinting it whole. There is nothing self-conscious about this picture of life on a sailing vessel, and not the least remarkable quality is its freedom from sex-consciousness. Here is no woman being feminine about a unique experience. The child is taught

DODSWORTH

by Sinclair Lewis

The novel of the year. An epic of American marriage. Mr. Lewis's first full-length novel in two years. Do American husbands know how to keep their wives—is there an undeclared war between the sexes—what shall an American business man do with his leisure if he is rich and retired at fifty—and how shall he behave himself in Europe? *Mr. Lewis writing with magnificent insight about a group of Americans he likes.* Just out, $2.50.

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

by Lytton Strachey

JOHN RIDDELL says in *Vanity Fair*,—"CONTRALTO HOSANNAS . . . merely the best book of (to be conservative) the 1928-1929 season, the most beautiful prose we have read in years, a classic to be handed down from our age to posterity . . . a masterpiece of style; and to say anything more would be gilding the lily. And the faint rustling which you heard, as the first reviews began to boom, was the bowed figures of . . . and . . . tiptoeing cautiously out the back door, away from a pitiless and inevitable comparison with Mr. Strachey." $3.75.

LOVE IN CHICAGO

by Charles Walt

He played the Jew's-harp for relaxation—this hired murderer—and his unholy passion will knock you cold. $2.50.

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to keep her eyes open. She doesn't learn the "facts of life" in a garden, but from the insides of a female shark —with some additional help from the Bible, and attendance at a childbirth in the South Seas.

There are incidents packed with drama, with boisterous comedy and with tragedy, and the characterizations of the crew are matchless. Stitches, who made Joan's first baby hammock and devoted his life to her; Squarehead Swenson; John Henry, who taught her how to make a hangman's noose, and then used it on himself; the Japanese cook, with his passion for bay rum; Fred Nelson, a gallant gentleman; and that extraordinary parent, the Captain.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY is one of the new English writers, and her novel, "The Spinner of the Years," is well worth reading. In a way it is a disappointing book. One reads it with admiration and avidity but puts it aside without having been deeply stirred. Miss Bentley has put into her pot all the ingredients of a moving story, but there is no fire under the pot.

It is a novel of relationships: two widowed mothers and their children. Destiny unites the two families, and what follows is very clearly the author's philosophy—the action upon human lives of an unprejudiced but immutable fate. The whole business of Imogene Armitage's marriage to Brearley Thornton takes on the trappings of an ironic jest when she discovers that her husband has been indirectly responsible for the suicide of the brilliant unstable boy to whom she gave her first love. There is no stopping the tragic results of this knowledge. They are foreordained, and Miss Bentley chronicles them unsparingly and dispassionately —with clear-cut candor and unquestionable knowledge of the psychological processes of her characters.

IN "Thy Dark Freight," by Vere Hutchinson, the sea once more is the background for a grim tale. Janetha Forde is a fisherman's daughter who gives her loyalty to the sea despite its senseless cruelties to her. First her brother Robin is drowned.

• •

"Joe, my dear, a show with *you* seems so much more thrilling."

"Oh, I don't . . . ."

"Now halt that blush, old jemmy. It's not your elegant appeal that does it. It's the jaunty seats you always manage to shovel up. If Bob and Wally and the rest would only learn that Bascom address . . . ."

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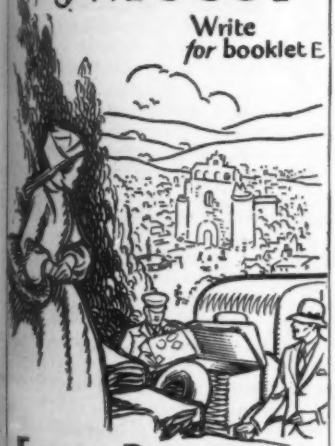

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then her lover Yeo, leaving her to bear his child—the dark freight. The boy Gaius is a throwback to the ruthless hard-living Gautbys and there is a bitter conflict to a bitter end between mother and son, recorded with an austere strength, and at the same time tenderness and sympathy.

RALPH BARTON evidently thinks of God's Country as a dilatory domicile. His boosting of it is by the boot method; a hobnailed boot! We remember in some serious monographs on the nature of comedy that "it is generally agreed that the predominating characteristics of comedy are incongruity or contrast in the object, and shock or emotional seizure on the part of the subject." It was Hobbes, wasn't it, who held that the feeling of superiority is an essential, if not the essential, factor?

We thought that some parts of Mr. Barton's story were irresistibly comic, but it never occurred to us that he was trying to be a historian, and therefore we don't feel like discussing "God's Country" as a scholarly treatise on the falling off of the American people.

Being a caricaturist, the author achieves "incongruity and shock" when he touches on episodes hallowed to alumni of the Public School. Of course he feels superior, and his book flatters the reader into feeling superior too. So we hold that "God's Country" is a comic creation. Washington Irving, who did not entirely eschew caricature, never gave us as graciously curved a portrait of Ysabel la Católica as does Mr. Barton, when he brings to flesh that toothsome morsel—of the days when women were "cunning little globes, hollows, ellipsoids, scoops, mamelons, pitfalls, knolls, vales, embossments, scrobiculae and protuberances, all gently rounded and fitting each into its neighbor."

The book isn't *all* up to its initial level, by any means. There are spots of riotous bad taste and of arid wit. The drawings are delightful, especially those which leave something to the reader's intelligence. Mr. Barton is apt to pound his "message" home and to explain his jokes, which gets oppressive. —R. L. L.

•

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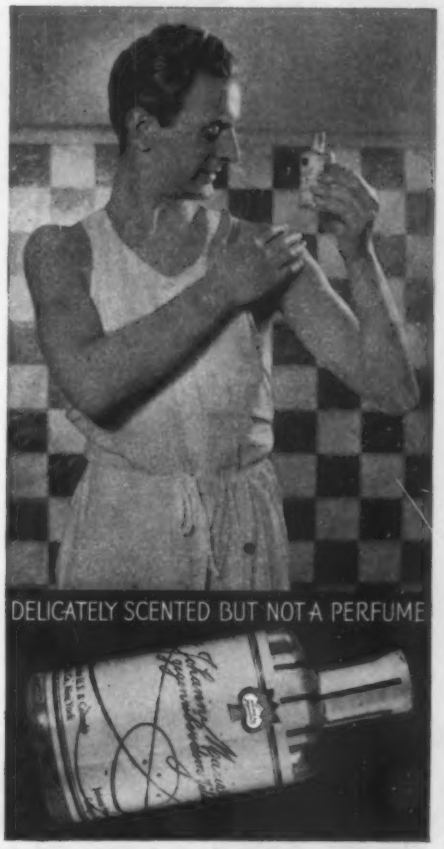
The NECESSARY ALLY *of the Bath*



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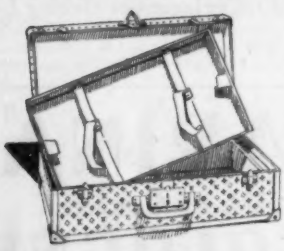

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). How Europe and retirement affect an American marriage. A rather overwritten novel which comes to life almost too late.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell (*Simon & Schuster*). A girl's seventeen years on a trading schooner in the South Seas. Vivid, rich, and vigorous.

THY DARK FREIGHT, by Vere Hutchinson (*Liveright*). A fine story of the conflict between two strong personalities, a mother and son, with the sea and a fishing village as its setting.

THE SPINNER OF THE YEARS, by Phyllis Bentley (*Henkle*). Maternal ambition and greed, and their effect on the lives of a group of interesting people.

THE BRIDE'S HOUSE, by Dawn Powell (*Brentano*). Excellent study of a woman's emotions, against the background of an Ohio farm. Love in and out of marriage treated with beauty and restraint.

ACTION, by C. E. Montague (*Doubleday, Doran*). Twelve short stories following the familiar Montague pattern—full of meat and a fine flavor.

SOUVENIR, by Floyd Dell (*Doubleday, Doran*). "The Mooncalf" as an adult meets his son by his first marriage. We didn't find it very interesting.

RENO, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (*Macaulay*). The lowdown on Reno; second-rate stuff, but lots of scandal.

THIS SIDE OF JORDAN, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). One of the really good books about negro life in the South. Shrewd, mellow, and humorous.

SILVER CIRCUS, by A. E. Coppard (*Knopf*). Sophisticated short stories in which one is almost too conscious of the author's chiselled technique.

THE TRUE HEART, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking Press*). A love story, with a Victorian background, certainly excelling in simplicity, human interest, and beauty of style.

THE BLACKER THE BERRY, by Wallace Thurman (*Macaulay*). The problems of a coal-black woman in a social system which puts a premium on lighter skins.

PLUM BUN, by Jessie Redmon Fauset (*Stokes*). A negro girl who can pass for white tries living ambi-racially.

ROME HAUL, by Walter D. Edmonds (*Little, Brown*). The author does for the Erie Canal what Mark Twain did for the Mississippi. Worth reading—if only for its canal types.

EXPIATION, by "Elizabeth" (*Doubleday, Doran*). One of the nicest adulteresses in fiction pays and pays. Humor and satire, and a touch of melancholy.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Dutton*). The general practitioner in a Sussex village is torn between his devotion to his profession and his love for his wife.

SEVEN BROTHERS, by Alexis Kivi (*Coward-McCann*). Seven lusty Finnish brothers grow from a wild and adventurous youth to a respectable, but nevertheless colorful, maturity.

SIMPLE PEOPLE, by Archibald Marshall (*Brentano*). Short, humorous stories about a number of comic people.

A GREAT MAN, by Walter Vogdes (*Longmans, Green*). The spectacular career of a shrewd young man from New Jersey who joins the gold rush to California and finds his gold in a new city.

A DEAD MAN DIES, by Percy Marks

(*Century*). An interesting variation on the theme of maternal and conjugal love.

Less recent:

FARTHING HALL, by Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley. DARKENED ROOMS, by Philip Gibbs. MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD, by Myron Brinig. THE SILVER VIRGIN, by Ida A. R. Wylie. SALAD DAYS, by Theodora Benson. THE PEEP SHOW, by Alice Dudeney. MR. AMBERTHWAITE, by Louis Marlow. PRIMA DONNA, by Pitts Sanborn.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE, by S. S. Van Dine (*Scribner*). . . . MURDER ON "B" DECK, by Vincent Starrett (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE LIVING ALIBI, by Seldon Truss (*Coward-McCann*). . . . MURDER AT THE KEYHOLE, by R. A. J. Walling (*Morrow*). . . . THE SECOND GUESS, by Walter C. Brown (*Lippincott*). . . . THE SECRET OF SEA-DREAM HOUSE, by Alfred Payson Terhune (*Harper*). . . . THE TAPESTRY ROOM MURDER, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*). . . . THE LINDEN WALK TRAGEDY, by Foxhall Daingerfield (*Appleton*). . . . THE BLACK ACE, by George Dilnot (*Houghton, Mifflin*). . . . STONE BLUNTS SCISSORS, by Gerard Fairlie (*Little, Brown*).

GENERAL

GUS'S COUNTRY, by Ralph Barton (*Knopf*). American history from a satiric viewpoint which will annoy one-hundred-per-centers and amuse others.

MARRIAGE IN THE MODERN MANNER, by Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn (*Century*). A traffic handbook through the marriage maze, intelligent and informative for the long, or newly, married.

STRANGE TRUTH, by "Elspeth" (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Pungent poems disclosing the flies in most ointments and the bones in the shad, but doing so with delicacy and beauty.

THIS BLIND ROSE, by Humbert Wolfe (*Doubleday, Doran*). Poems of eerie loveliness and depths. One of the important collections of the year.

THE UNTOLD STORY, by Mary Desti (*Liveright*). The last years of Isadora Duncan's life by one of her closest friends. Especially interesting in its description of her marriage.

HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR, by George A. Dorsey (*Harper*). Some further explanations of why—and how—we behave like human beings. Easy reading.

EARTHBOUND AND OTHER POEMS, by Helene Mullins (*Harper*). Lovely and readable collection of poems, notable for content and construction.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). A poet's recollections of English country life, in and out of doors, in beautiful and telling prose.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert Ripley (*Simon & Schuster*). What the cross-words call an ana of curious facts, collected from all over the world.

Less recent:

IN THE REIGN OF RÓTHSTEIN, by Donald Henderson Clarke. THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, by Bernard Faÿ. JOHN WILKES BOOTH, by Francis Wilson. BOHEMIA, by Christopher Morley. YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, by George Seldes. ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS, by Irma Duncan and Allen MacDougall.

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—when your figure must be considered"

Elsie de Wolfe

Elsie de Wolfe,
Noted Interior Decorator

"I recommend a Lucky in place of a sweet. Toasting has taken out every bit of harshness in the Lucky Strike tobacco. All that remains is the splendid Lucky flavor—an excellent substitute when your appetite craves a sweet but your figure must be considered."

ELSIE DE WOLFE

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

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One interesting feature of the Wholey Exhibition of Business Offices is that visitors always speak in quiet tones.

A MEETING of the Board! It calls for the most careful preparation, doesn't it? And that shouldn't be simply a matter of getting facts and figures ready. It's often more important to prepare men's minds to work in smooth and harmonious accord. That is, in part, the reason we have been commissioned to decorate and furnish many notable Board Rooms!

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